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JULY 23, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

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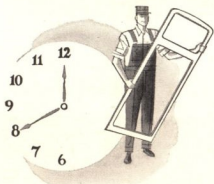


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LETTERS

Artzybasheff & the Pentagon

Sir: Americans everywhere, I am sure, will be highly fascinated by Artist Artzybasheff's cover picture of the Pentagon (July 2).

This fascination will center about the illustration of the two loose ends of the red tape shown encircling the Pentagonian figure. We never knew that there was even one end to that red tape—much less two.

Madison, Wis. RICHARD J. DILLON

Sir: It is assumed that the decorations bestowed on the U.S. Marine Corps.

COMMANDER CHARLES F. HOYT
U.S.N.

Pearl Harbor

Sir: Whether purposely or not, Artist Artzybasheff shows the arm of the Navy as being the only one on top of, not bound up in red tape.

Portland, Ore. D. R. WHITNEY

Sir: I can understand its four stars—might even be five for its five sides. I can understand its command pilot's wings for its flights of fancy. I can even understand its theater ribbons, though the W.W. I is far-fetched, its not even having been born then. But why the Purple Heart? When was the Pentagon wounded?

Cleveland Heights, Ohio BETTY JOHN

Q TIME's Pentagon is not wearing the Purple Heart but the Legion of Merit—which should have been put after the Silver Star instead of ahead of it.—Ed.

Not Responsible

Sir: In the TIME article (June 18), you stated that we had cut off the lights and water in the President's house. This is untrue. I simply notified the utility companies that we would not be responsible for the account after June 30, but that Dr. Wagner could continue to receive the service on his own account if he wished, which, by the way, he did.

JOHN TIEDKE
Treasurer

Rollins College
Winter Park, Fla.

Training Pants & the Pennsy

Sir: The Pennsylvania Railroad story of July 2 was a blow below the belt...

The curtailment of unprofitable commuter service is certainly good economics. If revenue traffic does not warrant operating certain "off-peak" trains, their continuance merely throws an added burden on other traffic, both freight and passenger. Is TIME criticizing sound private-enterprise methods?

GEORGE L. WILSON JR.
Cynwyd, Pa.

Sir: I am not prepared to argue about tracks, roadbed, stations or top management of the P.R.R., but I must rise to the defense of the passenger trainmen. They are—at least on the Middle and Pittsburgh Divisions—courteous and helpful gentlemen... On one occasion I discovered a conductor sending a wire ahead for "training pants" for a distracted mother, whose baggage had not made the train in Pittsburgh. These important articles were placed in her hands at Harrisburg.

H. A. RIDGLE JR.
Lewistown, Pa.

Sir: Last Thursday, June 28, making my first trip in many years on a Pennsylvania Railroad train, I was shocked to find such a drop in standards... I tried to knit but the car swayed and jerked; I tried to read—the paper jiggled with the wheels; the roadbed was in awful condition. That night I read TIME, and there in print was everything I had experienced to New York and back again. Rough riding, dirty aisles, filthy windows, curt conductor, and no drinking water.

EDITH OGELSBY PEALE
Newtown Square, Pa.

Overridden

Sir: "Hold hard," TIME! Your caption is wrong for the foxhunting picture of July 2. Your hounds are merely resting in pack with their huntsman and a whippet-in.

"Gone away!" has nothing to do with the situation pictured. That cry is used when the hunted fox is seen leaving the covert from which hounds have routed him.

The hounds in your picture will be moved

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July 23, 1951

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TIME, JULY 23, 1951



Do your eyes need help?

MANY PEOPLE—both young and old—have some degree of sight impairment. According to recent estimates, one out of every five children of school age has faulty vision. Among adults over 40, two out of every three have visual defects.

To help maintain good vision throughout life and protect general health, doctors recommend that everyone follow the safeguards below.

The child's eyes . . .

During the formative years, authorities say that the eyes need careful attention. The eye grows and changes during this period and it is necessary to discover any serious abnormality early. Faulty visual habits are often formed during childhood which may lead to defects in later years when correction may be more difficult.

Authorities also say that a child's eyes should be examined at age three or four, again before entering school and after starting to read. They recommend these examinations even though no signs of eye trouble are evident.

There are many common diseases that affect the eyes of children. Most of them are mild—but some may be

serious. Both may start in the same way—with redness, flow of tears, blinking, squinting, or scowling, accompanied by little or no pain. So, if these or other signs of eye trouble appear, it is wise to see a doctor.

Specialists caution against delay in the use of glasses if a child needs them. Glasses generally help the child to improve his vision, or overcome other eye defects—often within a relatively short time.

The adult's eyes . . .

After age 40, periodic examinations of the eyes are especially important. They provide a *double* safeguard. First, by discovering defects and diseases of the eye itself. Second, by helping to detect conditions such as high blood pressure, diabetes, and hardening of the arteries which often reveal themselves by changes in the eyes.

Fortunately, more can be done today than ever before to check or cure some of the more serious eye conditions. New drugs, for example, are remarkably effective against eye infections. Improved surgical techniques have likewise helped doctors to prevent loss of vision in cases of *cataract*, and in conditions

affecting the *retina*, the vital "seeing" part of the eye.

Three common eye defects—near-sightedness, farsightedness, and astigmatism—can usually be corrected by properly fitted glasses. Only an eye specialist is qualified to prescribe glasses or other special eye treatments.

Under proper medical care, most of the threats to good vision can be corrected or cured so that the eyes may be used efficiently throughout life.

To help keep the eyes in good condition:

1. Read with a clear, good light falling from above and behind you.
2. Rest your eyes at frequent intervals when reading or doing close work.
3. Except for easily removable particles, trust only to expert help for removing a foreign body from the eye.
4. Be alert to the warnings of eye trouble—headaches, eye fatigue, blurred vision, inflammation of the eyes or lids, spots before the eyes and colored halos around lights.
5. Use eye safety devices exactly according to instructions.
6. Have your eyes examined regularly by an eye specialist.

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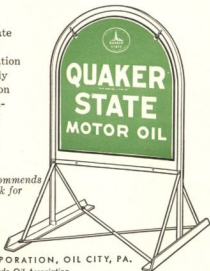
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RAYMOND BROWNE

New York City

¶ Pink-faced Time, held hard, awards Reader Browne the brush.—Ed.

Credit Shifts

Sir:

Your Science article [TIME, June 25] on the work of Humason and the red-shift of the nebular spectra is excellent and is interestingly written. However, the story tends to give an inaccurate idea by saying that this effect was "first discovered by Hubble..." and that on it he based his startling theory of the expanding universe. In reality, I believe you will find that the red-shift was first observed by V. M. Slipher of Lowell Observatory. Hubble, however, was the one to notice the law connecting the amount of the shift and the distance of the nebulae.

DR. IRA M. FREEMAN

Department of Natural Sciences, UNESCO
Paris, France

Sir:

... Is it not true that the theory of the "expanding universe," or "exploding universe," was developed by Abbé G. Lemaitre, a Belgian priest?

L. V. DEGNAN

San Francisco

¶ There had been many mathematical theories suggesting the possibility of an expanding universe, but Hubble's law gave the first firm evidence from observed data.—Ed.

Great Hope

Sir:

In the June 25 issue of TIME, your magazine [refers to] "... crag-faced Republican Hugh Roy Cullen (who hoped MacArthur would run for President)..."

I never told anyone, as your magazine stated, that I hoped General MacArthur would run for President. Nor did I discuss any political matters with the general while in New York or while in Texas. The fact of the matter is I have a great hope that we will have peace and that I will have an opportunity to work and vote for General Ike Eisenhower for President; for it is my belief that he has the respect of nearly all of our citizens in both the Democratic and Republican parties...

H. R. CULLEN

Houston

Malacca Henry, Circumnavigator

Sir:

Regarding the controversy between patriotic Spaniards and the Festival of Britain as to who was the first man to sail around the world [TIME, July 2]: Leonard Outhwaite, in *Unrolling the Map*, published in 1935, says that "the first individual known to history to have passed around the world was a treacherous East Indian slave" known as Malacca Henry. Magellan bought him when he was in the East with Almeida between 1504 and 1512 and took him back to Spain. Magellan made this voyage by traveling eastward from Portugal. When he made his great voyage he sailed westward, taking Malacca Henry with him. Thus, when Malacca Henry arrived once more in his native region, he had been around the world although Magellan's men had not yet finished their circumnavigation.

ROBERT P. LUDLUM
President

Blackburn College

TIME, JULY 23, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

The "TIME jinx" cry is on again. Sugar Ray Robinson, it says, was voodooed out of his world middle-weight crown last week (see *Sport*) by his picture on the June 25 TIME cover. Some sport columnists had chanted the hex legend earlier, when Robinson took a "no decision" in his Berlin fight three days after the cover was published.

The legend, started long ago, snow-balled from a few sport covers whose subjects ran into misfortune. Examples:

Joe DiMaggio (July 13, 1936), spec-tacular rookie, played with the American League All-Stars the week his cover came out, made no hits in five times up, fumbled two ground balls. Score: National League 4; American League 3. (The jinx, if jinx it was, did not seem to bother Di-Maggio's playing from that point on.)

Tom Harmon (Nov. 6, 1939), Michigan's All-Amer-ica back, made but one touchdown the next Satur-day, while mediocre Illinois stopped him for one of the season's biggest upsets. Score: Illinois 16; Michigan 7.

Elizabeth Arden Graham (May 6, 1945), owner of Kentucky Derby favorites Knockdown and Lord Boswell, lost her Arlington Park (Ill.) stable in the worst fire of horse-racing history—on the same day that TIME's story on her hit the newsstands. Two days later her Derby entries finished out of the money.

Leo Durocher (April 14, 1947), then baseball's highest-paid manager, was sus-pended for the entire season a day before his cover picture got to Brooklyn. (Duro-cher's luck nowadays is better than that of the Commissioner who booted him.)

Ben Hogan (Jan. 10, 1949), 1948's golfer of the year and favorite for most top 1949 tournaments, lost the \$15,000 Los Angeles Open Tournament during the week of the cover and three weeks later suffered a near-fatal accident in his car. (Hogan's subsequent comeback is one of the great sport stories of the decade.)

Less remembered are the covers that worked out as four-leaf clovers for the people they featured. Among the 17 sport covers since World War II, 12

seem to have brought at least as much good luck as bad.

Glen Davis and Doc Blanchard (Nov. 12, 1945), Army's Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, romped over Notre Dame the week of the cover. Score: 48-0. Then they charged through the rest of their second unbeaten season.

Pauline Betz (Sept. 2, 1946), top wom-an tennis player, lost only one set in seven matches while winning the U.S. Women's Singles Championship in the week of the cover.

Frank Leahy (Oct. 14, 1946), Notre Dame football coach, had just started a no-loss streak that lasted four years.

Bob Chappuis (Nov. 3, 1947), flashy Michigan half-back, tossed the pass that set up the winning touchdown against Illinois the Saturday after the cover ap-peared. His play for the rest of the season, while helping Michigan take the Big 10 title, made him one of the two men to

rate all four Major All-Amer-ica teams. Then he set a Rose Bowl record by pass-ing and running 279 yards.

Ben Jones (May 30, 1949) was the leading U.S. trainer whose horse Citation went on that year to win the Triple Crown for Calumet Farm. With Jones still top trainer, Citation last week became the first thorough-bred to pass the million-dollar mark in earnings (see *Sport*).

The TIME jinx legend is something like the old base-ball taboo—never, before the last out is called, tell the man on the mound that he is pitching a no-hit game (as if he didn't know it). If anybody gets a single, the informant is accused of jinxing the pitcher. Not only sports figures, but many other top news personalities (such as poli-ticians, businessmen and generals) are en-gaged in highly com-petitive enterprises. They may, like Thom-as Dewey, two weeks after an October 1944 cover, get knocked out of the box. They may, like Marshal Stalin after eight different cover portraits, keep right on throwing the same old curves. Win, lose, or draw, they are news.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



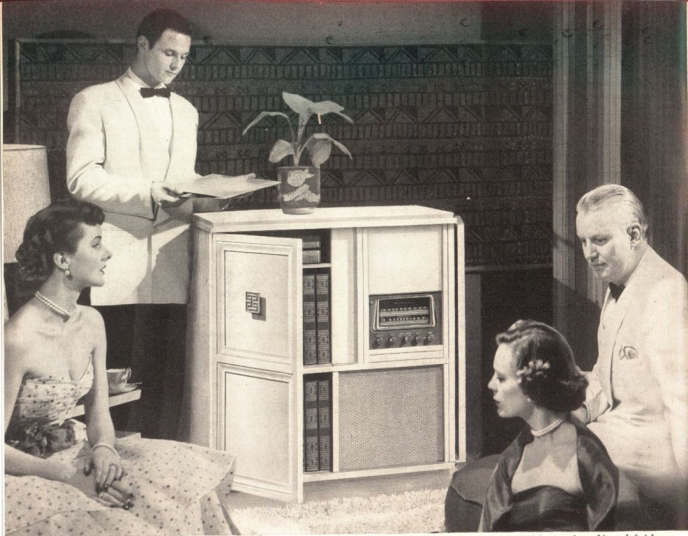
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Soldier's Talk

The statesman of the week was a trench-coated soldier with a hand grenade taped to his shoulder harness. Almost from the moment the truce talks started in "neutral" Kaesong, General Matt Ridgway had chafed under a sense of an intolerable situation. The choice was to accept a long-drawn-out negotiation and daily humiliation, or to force a showdown.

The issue came to its sticking point on a dirt road to Kaesong, where Communist soldiers with Tommy guns halted a U.N. convoy because it included a truckload of reporters. That was but an incident. The larger fact was that the Communists were insolently creating an atmosphere of victors receiving the vanquished. In the swept-eaved building which used to be the Reai Bong Chang restaurant, the U.N.'s negotiators met under the guns of Communist guards. Unarmed, U.N. negotiators drove under a white flag where armed Communists let them drive.

On his own initiative, Ridgway ordered talks suspended, and laid down his conditions. Washington backed up his decision.

It was the kind of talk that Americans approved and understood. Apparently, Communists understood it too. After three days of bluster, the Communists backed down. When the talking began again, Kaesong was truly a neutral city. Reported the U.N. delegates of the new truce discussions: "Some progress was made."



RIDGWAY
Joe Scherschel—LIFE
Communists understood, too.

power of his office to make their return to Washington a private affair. He complains often and bitterly about the intrusions of the presidency on his family life. Democrats who argue that the President will not run again in 1952 base their hunch principally on Bess Truman's well-known antipathy to life in a goldfish bowl.

THE PRESIDENCY

Family at Home

A few minutes before the 6:40 New York train was due, the President's limousine, followed by a car loaded with Secret Service men, nosed into Washington's high-vaulted Union Station. Iron gates leading to the platform were slammed shut; passengers for 7 o'clock trains had to wait until after 7 before they were admitted to the platform.

Margaret Truman, back home from Europe, stayed in her drawing room until passengers aboard her car had left. Then she came bounding down into the President's arms and was soundly bussed. Bess Truman, who had met Margaret's ship in New York, followed and got a husbandly peck on the cheek. Beaming Harry Truman herded his womenfolk into his limousine and whisked off to Blair House.

The President had mustered up all the

Ain't Saying

The subject of Harry Truman's 1952 intentions came up again at his weekly press conference. The President wasn't saying, just acting deliberately mysterious. It has become an unprofitable line of inquiry and a stale joke, but both sides went through with it.

What about General Eisenhower's plans, then? The President was asked. When Ike was appointed to SHAPE, was there any understanding as to how long the job would last? The President flushed slightly and said there was not. Is the general a Democrat or Republican? Grinning archly, the President suggested that the best way to find out would be to ask the general himself. "You told us at one time that you took Eisenhower at his word when he said he would never run for President..." a reporter began. The President, breaking in abruptly, told the reporter not to use the word "never." Eisenhower had told him in January 1948 that he would not run for President in 1948; that was as far as the President went; he had not discussed politics with Eisenhower since.*

A visiting reporter for the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*, with a great show of innocence and a grits-and-gravy drawl, said: "Mr. President, this is my first conference. My impression about you is that you look a lot younger than I thought you did." The President rocked back on his heels and let out a real belly laugh. The Southerner pressed his advantage quickly, "Would you say you are in better shape now than when you first became President?"

Still laughing, the President said proudly that he was. He was still young enough to make a good race, he said. Then he paused deliberately, and added coyly that he meant a foot race.

THE CONGRESS

"What Are You Trying to Do?"

Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota draped his huge 72-year-old frame over the reading stand in the House of Representatives and fixed a jaundiced eye on his colleagues. He was irked by continuing criticisms of U.S. farmers. He was disgusted

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 607 more U.S. casualties in Korea, the fewest in six weeks. The list brought total U.S. losses in more than a year of war to 77,390. The breakdown:

DEAD	13,176
WOUNDED	53,412
MISSING	10,644
CAPTURED	158

Total casualties by service: Army, 63,124; Marine Corps, 12,709; Navy, 907; Air Force, 650.

* Not the way the transcript reads for a press conference Dec. 22, 1949, more than a year after the 1948 election. The President was asked: "Do you feel sure that he [Ike] is not a candidate for 1952 as he was not in 1948?" The President replied that General Eisenhower had said so, and his word was good.

by the bitter debate on economic controls.

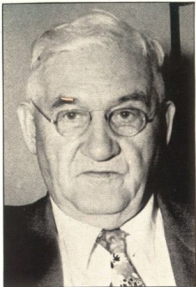
"When I hear some Sears & Roebuck pistol-toting cowboy from Brooklyn insinuate how the Government has tailed up the farmer at the expense of all the rest of the people," said Republican Burdick, "it does not set well with me . . . You complain against the beef men. I am one of them . . . I am willing to take a loss on my cattle, and it means \$8,000 loss to me on the one rollback. I am willing to stand for that if it will help the entire country . . . If I was concerned only with my own interests, I would vote against this control bill, but I am interested in the welfare of the whole United States. I do not think these controls will do much controlling . . . I am not willing, however, to deny the Administration the means of stopping rising prices if it believes that can be done."

Congressman Burdick's contention was that farmer, factory worker, industrialist, consumer, are all in the same boat; inflation may wreck all of them. Hence, he was going to vote for the Administration's bill. Usher Burdick shouted at his colleagues: "What are you trying to do?" He shook his head, bellowed a parting shot: "Well, I will be damned if I know," and marched back to his seat.

Can't Work with Handcuffs. The House giggled and guffawed appreciatively for two full minutes. Then, with hundreds of little shears flashing, it went back to pruning away the Government controls in the Defense Production Act. Whatever Usher Burdick thought about it, the House preferred to take a chance on inflation (which few members regard as a real danger) rather than let the Administration attach itself to any more of the U.S. economy. All last week the House worked, leaving the Administration a few snippets, but cutting out the things which Harry Truman said he needed most.

The Administration continued to protest. Chief Mobilizer Charles Wilson went on the air to warn: "I cannot work effectively with the handcuffs the pressure groups are forging for me now." And Mr. Truman made the gesture of inviting the country's top labor leaders to Blair House, there to promise them that he would go on fighting, and to ask them to help him out. But there was little the labor men could do—except threaten to ask for higher wages the minute the new control bill is passed—and Mr. Truman knew it. Labor leaders had tried to talk up a letter-writing campaign among their rank & file, but no one listened. They suggested that the President might veto the bill. But he only turned a "poker face" to the suggestion, one of the conferees later mournfully reported. Mr. Truman was licked on the bill.

Silence from All Over. Having lost already, the Administration Democrats turned to a simple strategy. It was to let the coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats (whom the Trumanites will carefully tag as "Dixiecrats," not Democrats) go on wrecking the White House's bill, but to demand roll calls—from 15 to 20 on the final day—on every major amendment. Then, if prices soar, the vil-



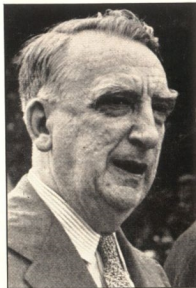
CONGRESSMAN BURDICK

"It does not set well with me."

lains may be easily pointed out to the voters. As laid out last week, it was a plea in political bankruptcy—an argument that the party which can't even run its own Congress is not evil, just ineffectual—but it was the best that the Democrats could think up. They had waited for the country to come to their aid with a barrage of mail, but the silence was deafening.

Long Way to Go

Massachusetts' Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., who served as an armored force major in Libya in 1942 and knows how it feels to fight without air superiority, stepped into a Senate hearing room last week and fired off another broadside



CHIEF JUSTICE VINSON

"The hoppiest day of my life."

(TIME, May 7) in the battle for a bigger Air Force. What Lodge wants is a combat-ready Air Force of 150 groups.

For two hours, behind closed doors, Lodge spelled out his plan. Under the present program for a 95-group Air Force, he said, the U.S. will be able to muster only one-third of the tactical aviation it would need to repel an invasion of Western Europe. The U.S., he argued, needs a minimum of 50 full tactical air groups for ground support, 38 interceptor groups for home defense, and 62 groups of long-range strategic bombers, plus fleets of heavy transports. Such an aerial armada would take three years to build, and cost a staggering \$96 billion, more than the entire U.S. budget for 1951. To win World War II, he reminded the Senators, the U.S. had an air force of 243 groups.

Obviously, Lodge had influential help in his homework. Next to him at the green committee table sat Air Force Secretary Thomas K. Finletter, who is committed to the Administration's 95-group limit. He has not officially urged a 150 group Air Force, but if anyone should ask Finletter, he's behind the idea 100%.

Actually, the Air Force has a long way to go before it can count even 95 combat-ready groups. Just how far came out last week in testimony at a House Armed Services Committee hearing. There, prodded by the committee, an Air Force general confessed that the U.S. has exactly 147 giant, ten-engined B-36s, the intercontinental A-bomb carrier which the Air Force ballyhoos as the nation's biggest deterrent to the Russians. Of the 147, only 87 are in condition to fly; the other 60 are squatting in factories, undergoing a \$2,500,000 modernization job. New ones are rolling off production lines at a snail's pace five per month.

When a blab-mouthed Congressman leaked this news to the press, the Air Force let out an anguished cry. For months it has been shifting the big planes from base to base, doing all it could to make its handful of B-36s look like a mighty fleet. Even some Congressmen were shocked by the leak. Said Senator Dick Russell, who presided over the MacArthur hearing and did his level best to protect official secrets: "It is difficult to conceive of such utter lack of responsibility . . . [This] might well be the cause of World War III."

POLITICAL NOTES

Home-Town Boy

It was "Fred Vinson Day" in the valley town of Louisa, Ky. (pop. 2,100), and 5,000 people crowded into town for the doings. U.S. Supreme Court Justices Stanley Reed, Tom Clark and Sherman Minton, all the Kentucky court of appeals judges, the governors of Kentucky and nearby West Virginia were there to honor the home-town boy. They ate country ham and fried chicken as guests of cousin R. L. Vinson, a retired banker. Then came the ceremony at which a bronze plaque, bearing Chief Justice Vinson's mournfully dignified likeness, was dedicated. "The

happiest day of my life," said Vinson.* Said a whiskered old mountaineer: "For a feller who started life in jail, Fred sure has gone a long way."†

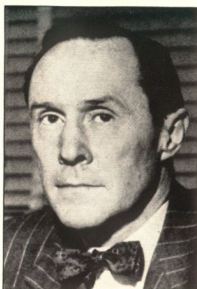
He sure had. Frederick Moore Vinson had solemnly mounted the Washington ladder—Congressman, U.S. court of appeals Judge, U.S. Economic Stabilizer, Director of War Mobilization and Reconstruction, Secretary of the Treasury and then Chief Justice—late with a helping hand from his good friend Harry Truman. The question now: How much further will Fred Vinson go, with Harry Truman's help? White House Democrats, who don't really know what the boss's plans are (as of last week they thought he probably wouldn't run again), think that Harry Truman, if he does not run, will designate Vinson as his successor. Vinson is a poker-playing, Williamsburg-weekending pal of the President's, and regularly gives the President advice on appointments and legislation—a practice that might have horrified some of his predecessors as Chief Justice. Besides, he is conservative enough, regular enough, and close enough to the South to enjoy the respect of Southern Democrats, most of whom have lost their respect for Harry Truman and spend their off hours thinking up ways to thwart the President. Harry Truman licked the Dixiecrats in 1948, but the Southern Democrats now arrayed against him are a more influential and formidable lot.

A Kick for the Senator

Harry Truman, who can scarcely afford to lose supporters, gave one a kick in the political shins last week. The wounded man: Illinois' Fair Dealing Senator Paul Douglas.

For a year, Douglas has been trying to get the President to fill three vacancies on the Illinois federal bench, where the docket is badly overcrowded. By ancient senatorial privilege, as the state's only Democratic Senator, he is entitled to pick the men whom the President will nominate. He sent the White House three names, one of them a past president of the Chicago Bar Association. Jake Arvey's Democratic machine boys okayed Douglas' choice. But Harry Truman put off his decision, nursing a growing grudge.

In the Senate, Douglas has fought long & hard for Administration bills, including controls. But big Paul Douglas is no party hack. He criticized the Truman budget for having too much fat; he criticized Truman's cronies for their conduct in RFC. He also suggested at one point that if Harry Truman did not want the job next year, Dwight Eisenhower might make a good coalition President. In a full-dress speech in the Senate, he demanded that the Administration pursue a resolute course in Asia (TIME, Jan. 22), and once



DAVIES
For old China hands . . .

he called Dean Acheson a war casualty who should be allowed to resign. Worst of all, Douglas had even got himself talked about as a possible presidential candidate.

Last week Paul Douglas decided he had better call at the White House, not to talk about the judgeships, but to make peace. He said he had no White House ambitions, had voted pro-Administration about 75 to 80% of the time, and would continue to. Truman, unyielding, read Douglas a lecture on party loyalty.

Two days later, a White House aide phoned Douglas to tell him that the Illinois appointments had been made. Two of Douglas' choices were rejected. Instead, the President had appointed Cook County



CLUBB
. . . new questions.

Judge Cornelius J. Harrington (who was introduced to Harry Truman by a mutual friend), and Municipal Court Judge Joseph Jerome Drucker, nephew of loyal and ancient Congressman Adolph J. Sabath. The third nominee was Lawyer Joseph S. Perry, former Dupage County Democratic chairman—on Douglas' list, but only by courtesy. Actually, he had been put up by ex-Senator Scott Lucas.

Douglas retired to nurse his bruises—and to consider appealing to an old senatorial custom; if he opposes the appointments made against his recommendation, the Senate is likely to refuse to confirm Harry Truman's choices.

THE ADMINISTRATION A Question of Security

With an embarrassed air, the State Department admitted last week that it had suspended two of its topflight officers. Reason: they are under investigation as security risks. The men are Oliver Edmund Clubb, the department's director of the Office of Chinese Affairs, and John Paton Davies Jr., a longtime China hand who has been serving on State's Policy Planning staff.

Caustic John Davies was one of State's bright young men who, back in 1944, urged that the U.S. make friends with China's Communists as a matter of self-interest. Born and educated in China, he joined the State Department in 1931, served in U.S. consulates all over China, at one time was a friend of pro-Communist Author Agnes Smedley. He is married to the daughter of Henry Grady, U.S. Ambassador to Iran (see below).

Force of Destiny. As chief political adviser to General Joseph Stilwell, when Vinegar Joe was chief of staff to Chiang Kai-shek in 1942, Davies followed the line that Chiang's regime was hopelessly corrupt and doomed, that the Chinese Communists had "mass support" and were "the force destined to control China." Soldier Stilwell took the Davies position. In a 1944 memorandum, Davies wrote: "We should not now abandon Chiang Kai-shek . . . But we must be realistic. We must not indefinitely underwrite a politically bankrupt regime. And if the Russians are going to enter the Pacific war, we must make a determined effort to capture politically the Chinese Communists, rather than allow them to go by default wholly to the Russians." When Patrick Hurley became ambassador, he accused Davies & friends of being "favorable to Communism and against the policy of the U.S. in China," demanded Davies' dismissal. Davies was shifted to Moscow, where "Beedle" Smith regarded him as "a very loyal and very capable officer of sound judgment." As a member of Dean Acheson's policy planning group, he is a top specialist in China affairs.

At New Masses. Clubb is another old China hand with a reputation as a member of the opposite camp who stoutly supported Chiang. As a Class One foreign service officer, he outranks Davies (only

* For news of another observation by the Chief Justice, see RELIGION.

† Fred's father was Lawrence County jailer when Fred was born on Jan. 22, 1890, in the Louisa building that housed the family's quarters in front, the jail in back.

career ministers rank higher). Born and educated in Minnesota, Diplomat Clubb speaks both Chinese and Russian, served two years as consul general in Vladivostok. He was consul general in Peking when the Communists took over in 1950, was ejected when they seized the consulate over official U.S. protests. The charges against him apparently come from old hearings before the House Un-American Activities Committee, in which ex-Communist Courier Whitaker Chambers testified that he had once seen Clubb calling at the Communist *New Masses* office. Clubb vaguely remembers being there in 1932 and taking a letter of introduction from Agnes Smedley to Robert Morris Lovett.

State said that Davies and Clubb are only two of "several" officials who have been suspended pending hearings in a general review of some 500 individual cases.

"Appropriate" Time

The President was all set for the question, at his weekly press conference, but no reporter asked it. So next day the White House put out an announcement: at "an appropriate time," 69-year-old Henry F. Grady will be relieved, at his own request, as U.S. Ambassador to Iran. The White House went on to say that Grady's relief had nothing to do with the sticky Iranian crisis, or with the departure of Presidential Adviser Averell Harriman to look it over (see FOREIGN NEWS). It was one of those denials that give color to a suspicion which need not exist. In Teheran, white-haired "Snowball" Grady complained loudly at the White House's inept handling.

The fact was that Diplomat Grady, a success in the toughy job as Ambassador to Greece during the Civil War, had moved on to the new job in troubled Iran with the understanding that he could resign after a year. When the time came, in May, he reminded the State Department of the agreement, and was asked to stay on at least until September.

Likely successor to Grady when he does leave: Loy Henderson, Ambassador to India, onetime Minister to Iraq and long-time friend of the Arabs.

ORGANIZATIONS

Time to Retire

Resolved, by the Sons of the American Revolution, in national convention at San Francisco: the U.S. should withdraw from the United Nations at the "earliest reasonable moment." Reason: the U.N.'s "original purpose of preserving peace has resulted in war."

LABOR

Rising Dough

The A.F.L.'s Teamsters Union won their rowdy ten-day strike against 16 large New York bakeries (TIME, July 16). Results: 4,000 bakery drivers will get six days' pay for five days' work, New York housewives will probably pay from one to four cents more for each loaf of bread.

INVESTIGATIONS

Anything for the Boys

The great American game of gouging the G.I. is going full blast. Wherever the training camps are full to overflowing, the nearby towns small, and housing scarce, the chiselers are out. So reported the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, headed by Texas Democrat Lyndon Johnson, this week, after inspecting more than 20 such localities. They issued a first report on three of them: Camp Breckinridge, Ky., Camp Rucker, Ala., Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. Camp Rucker and Fort Leonard Wood were bad enough, but Camp Breckinridge took all prizes:

Q An old doll house, built by a widow for her daughter, was the home of a sergeant, his wife, mother-in-law and three children. The house is 14 ft. wide, 9 ft. deep, has no



ASSOCIATED PRESS
AMBASSADOR GRADY
He kept a date.

water. Rent: \$45 a month, later reduced by the rent-control office to \$35.

Q A coal shed cost \$80 a month to two soldiers and four members of their families. A tool shed on wheels, housing five, rented for \$50 a month.

Q A shack made of whisky bottles, beer cans and oil cans, cemented together, cost a corporal, his wife and two children \$25 a month. There was no bathroom. The water supply: an untidy well next door.

Q A corner of a converted schoolhouse brought \$30 a month from a sergeant and his family of three. The building leaks badly, there is little heat, and the sagging roof is so low that it is impossible to stand except in the center of the room.

Q One half of an abandoned garage was rented to a sergeant and his family for \$50 a month. There was no bath, no toilet, no water. When a rat bit off the index finger of the sergeant's six-month-old baby, the landlady refused to let the sergeant's wife use her telephone to summon aid.

ILLINOIS

Ugly Nights in Cicero

Grimy Cicero, Ill. (pop. 67,000), which huddles close to Chicago's west boundary, has never had a reputation for being exclusive. During the roaring '20s, the Torrio-Capone mob roared through Cicero's streets in armored cars, ruled its wide-open gambling joints, honky-tonks and whorehouses. Cicero is also an industrial town, with tree-lined neighborhoods of workmen's homes, and friendly corner taverns where jukeboxes play lively polkas and the talk at the bar is in many languages. Though its history is pockmarked with crime and violence, Cicero makes one proud boast: no Negroes live there.

That was one thing Harvey E. Clark Jr. didn't know. Clark, a Negro, graduate (A.B.) of Fisk University and a World War II sergeant, was sick of living in a tiny apartment on Chicago's South Side, with his two kids sleeping in the windowless hallway. He rented an apartment in Cicero. But when he tried to move his family in last month, two Cicero cops refused to let the Clarks unload their furniture because they had no "permit." Beefy Police Chief Erwin Konovsky arrived, ordered the Clarks to leave town. The real-estate agent who rented the apartment said Chief Konovsky struck him several times and shouted: "Get out of Cicero and don't come back . . . or you'll get a bullet through you."

Growing Crowd. Clark, a Chicago bus driver, decided to make an issue of it. He filed a \$200,000 damage suit in federal court against Cicero officials and the town of Cicero. The court issued a temporary injunction, warning Cicero police to see to it that the Clarks were not molested.

But when they returned to Cicero last week and moved their furniture into the apartment, they found a handful of Cicero and Cook County police—and a large and hostile crowd. Frightened, the Clarks left—but the crowd didn't. Until midnight, the crowd milled in the street, booing, and jeering when Cook County Sheriff John Babb ordered them to disperse, occasionally throwing stones.

Next night the crowd was back, again, bigger and in an uglier mood. The 50 cops made no effort to stop teen-agers who, from well-hidden positions, tossed stones at windows in the Clark apartment.

Violence at Midnight. Around midnight the mob got bolder. A dozen or so young bloods rushed the cops at the doorway to the apartment house, pushed past them, smashed in the front door, clambered upstairs to the Clark apartment. Out the window, to the accompaniment of cheers from the crowd, went all of the Clarks' furniture, including a piano. Then the young vandals tore out door and window jams, gouged holes in the walls,

* Only 3½ miles from the Oak Park, Ill. home of Dr. Percy Lavon Julian, famed Negro chemist. Hoodlums tried to burn the Julian home in November, tossed a bomb in the front yard last month.



RIOTERS & GUARDSMEN IN CICERO
From the darkness, false courage.

Ralph Crane—Life

ripped out light fixtures, smashed radiators, a refrigerator and stove, bashed in the toilet bowl. For good measure they ripped up two apartments below the Clarks (the tenants, like most of the 19 families in the apartment house, had long since fled). Then the mass of broken furniture on the lawn was set afire and the cheers grew louder. Police did not make a single arrest. At about 2:30, the mob once again faded away, but everybody knew that it would be back.

At daylight, Sheriff Babb put through a call to Governor Adlai Stevenson, who called out five companies of National Guardsmen. Most of the day was spent in making preparations for the night. Vans, trucks and private cars shuttled back & forth, trying to save the belongings of tenants. One tenant, a retired Chicago cop, said, as he helped with the moving, "I saw a lot of things as a policeman but never anything like that. These people are savages."

"Go! Go! Go!" By 7 o'clock the mob was back and pressing against police lines, which blocked off the area around the apartment house for a full block. Mostly, they were young fellows in T-shirts and dungarees, but there were also housewives in cotton dresses, a father holding his child on his shoulder to give him a better view. The crowd was good-natured, as if going to a game, and the cops acted like ushers politely handling the overflow at a football stadium. But as darkness fell, some in the crowd got false courage from the night. They tossed firecrackers over police lines. Pressing forward inch by inch, the mob began to push the police back. From time to time the crowd would chant: "Go! Go! Go!"

At about 8:30 there was the first tinkling of glass from the apartment house: a steel ball bearing, fired from a sling shot, hit a window. Police lines gave slowly, and within another half hour, the crowd, chanting "Go! Go! Go!", had crept up to with-

in 150 yards of the building. Cook County Police Lieut. Jack Johnson, an ex-marine who was in charge of the police detail, kept muttering: "Why the hell don't the Guard come on in?"

Shortly before 10 o'clock, the mob moved close enough to hit the apartment house with bricks and stones. The chant of "Go! Go! Go!", the firecrackers and the sound of breaking glass became a steady din. Then, just as the mob seemed to be getting out of hand, there was the sound of sirens down the street and a cry: "It's the Guard!"



THE CLARKS
Out the window went the piano.

Chicago Sun-Times

As the jeeps, trucks, and yellow school buses filled with helmeted soldiers moved slowly up the street, the crowd boomed, showered the convoy with firecrackers, bricks and stones, called out, "You lousy finks," "Why the hell aren't you in Korea?" Out of the cars tumbled frightened-looking young Guardsmen, summoned that day from their jobs in grocery stores and gas stations. Each Guardsman had his bayonet fixed. The crowd inched backwards. Some in the front row of the mob were nicked by bayonets, and several Guardsmen were felled by bricks and by ball bearings fired from slingshots. Around the corner, several young vandals lit and tossed red railroad flares atop the apartment house; Cicero firemen braved a rain of stones to put out the fire. Gradually—though it took four hours—the Guard got the best of the mob, and emboldened police started dragging the most obstreperous young fellows out of the crowd. They took their prisoners over to look at a line of wounded Guardsmen, then loaded them into paddy wagons. Totals for Cicero's three violent nights: 23 hurt, 119 arrested.

Harvey Clark was still determined to move in. Said he: "They destroyed everything we owned, everything we had accumulated in nine years of marriage—even our marriage certificate. I sure didn't think all this would happen over one Negro family."

NORTH CAROLINA

Assault at 50 Feet

Around Caswell County, N.C., Mack Ingram, 44, was known as a "good" Negro. He had raised nine children, saved enough to buy his own mule and tools, and even a ramshackle jalopy. He was proud that he rented his land instead of sharecropping.

One day last month Ingram stopped at the farm of Aubrey Boswell, a white neighbor. He wanted to borrow a trailer to haul

his hay. Ingram saw one of the Boswell children walking toward the tobacco barn carrying a hoe. He walked across the road, he said, and through a field knee-high in corn, looking for Boswell. When he got closer and saw only "three boys," he turned back. He went on down the road and borrowed a trailer from someone else. Later that afternoon, two deputy sheriffs arrested him. One of the "boys," they said, was 17-year-old Willa Jean Boswell, dressed in dungarees and terrapin shell hat. Farmer Ingram was charged with "assault . . . with intent to commit rape" against her.

Last week in the county courthouse, Recorder (roughly comparable to justice of the peace) Ralph Vernon heard Willa Jean's story. "As I got off the road, he came up the highway and he kept watching me," said Willa Jean. "And I ran through those woods because I was afraid . . . and I kept going, walking fast, and he kept coming on, and I got a pretty good ways ahead of him and he stopped and stood and watched me." Then, said Willa Jean, "I looked back and didn't see him any more and I stopped there and was hoeing the ground, and as I was hoeing I asked my two brothers who that was and they told me, and I told them what happened and they went running to tell Daddy." Willa Jean said she burst into tears.

The defense had only one point to make: What did he do? Said Willa Jean: "He kept watching me." Just how close did Ingram get to her? Willa Jean wasn't sure; "within 25 to 50 feet," she thought.

Prosecutor W. Banks Horton argued that Ingram must have been trying to head her off, that young womanhood must be protected from "niggers." But Recorder Vernon, who is a farmer with no formal

legal training, could plainly see that there was no ground for a charge of intended rape. If there were, the case would have to go before a superior court—and a jury. Instead, he found Ingram guilty of "assault on a female," and sentenced him to the maximum: two years of hard labor on the roads.

The verdict didn't even make the local papers. But outsiders got wind of it; Casswell County was deluged with inquiries, one even from the U.S. State Department. The *Daily Worker* seized on it. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, after first making sure that the Communists' legal beagles didn't get in on the case, decided to help Ingram in his appeal.

WEATHER "Most Disastrous Day"

In a normal July, Kansas is as hot and dry as a wheat beard in the afternoon sun, with searing winds browning the stubble and curling the corn leaves. But this is no normal year. June was the wettest month in Kansas weather records (since 1886), and the rain continued into July. When torrential rains poured down last week, there was nothing for the water to do but run off the saturated soil. It ran with a fury never before seen in Kansas.

Almost every river in the state went wild, and the worst of all was the Kansas, which Kansans call the Kaw. Its waters rolled into Manhattan (pop. 18,996) in raging flood, and businessmen along the main streets had to be taken out in boats. More than 20,000 people were driven from their homes in Topeka, the state capital. Flood water spilled over the Santa Fe railroad tracks near Emporia and for

55 hours stranded 337 passengers in the crack passenger train *El Capitan*. Rancher Bill Brandt landed his small plane on a nearby highway 15 times to bring in supplies and to take out five sick passengers.

Worse than '03. The roaring tide delivered its most crushing blow at a target that was expected to resist it. The Kaw flows into the Missouri River at the Kansas Cities. There the low-lying industrial districts are protected by flood walls as high as 22 feet, built to cope with high water equal to that of the previous record flood in 1903. The flood of '51 roared over the levees, covered the Santa Fe's great transfer yards and shops, inundated the spreading stockyards, coursed through factories. Rescue workers had a hard time convincing some oldtime residents to leave, so sure were they that the flood would be no worse than in 1903. Mrs. Emile LaBorde, who had lived there 32 years, baked a berry pie for her husband while sirens roared outside. Finally the LaBordes retreated to the upstairs. "I kept counting those 14 steps," said Mrs. LaBorde. "It wasn't so bad until it got up to No. 9. When the water got to the top step, I decided to go out the window." Rescuers in a boat got the LaBordes out. Others were less fortunate: workers heard cries of the trapped as their houses floated away. Water covered 1,384 square blocks of the two cities. It flooded the pumping station which furnishes water to about two-thirds of Kansas City, Mo.

And Then Fire. Then fire was added to water. The flood ripped up a crude oil storage tank and hurled it against a high tension wire in Kansas City, Mo. The flaming tank drifted into more gasoline and oil storage tanks. Flames shot up 500 feet into the air as the tanks exploded. Flaming oil and gasoline raced on top of the flood, while firemen in boats vainly poured flood water back on to the fire. The blaze, fed by more than one million gallons of oil, demolished seven square blocks. The *Star* called it "Kansas City's most disastrous day."

In all, more than 100,000 people in Kansas and Missouri were driven from their homes, and 41 were killed. Flood waters covered 1,500,000 acres. Major General Lewis A. Pick, chief of the Army Engineers, estimated damage at \$750 million, the costliest flood in U.S. history.

ARMED FORCES "Not Enough Glory Hunters"

Twice before in its 176-year history, the proud U.S. Marine Corps had trained draftees to fill its ranks, but not until last week did it have to ask for them. Enlistments were now below the corps' 6,000-man monthly recruiting quota. Furthermore, 75,000 reservists on active duty are soon to be let out, and the Marines[®] are already hard put to fill their ranks. Selective Service promised the Marines 13,000



Sol Studna—Kansas City Star from Associated Press
THE FLOOD AT KANSAS CITY, MO.
Fury where the Kaw meets the Missouri.

* Of the Marine fighting force in Korea at the time of the famed withdrawal from the Changjin Reservoir, 32% were reservists.

draftees in the next two months and more later if enlistments keep on sagging.

In 1918 and again in 1943, the Marine Corps was ordered to take draftees, not because it needed them, but because so many tough young men volunteered that the other services felt cheated. The Marine Corps fixed it so that draftees could specify their choice of service; a sergeant could still snarl at a boot: "Nobody asked you to join this outfit, bub." Now the Marines had to go begging. The Marines would presumably still have the right to wash out anyone who couldn't stomach the rugged training. But the sad fact these days, said one Marine major, is that there are just "not enough glory hunters" any more.

Aerial Slingshots

"The U.S., which whipped the Jap air defense to its knees and then walked in and dropped an atomic bomb, now finds itself in the same position. It cannot stop an enemy bomber coming in at high altitude." This alarming statement came last week from an arms expert working for the Defense Department's top-level Research and Development Board. He is one of a group of arms men who spent months examining combat reports from Korea and evaluation tests at the Army's Aberdeen Proving Ground. Their conclusions:

¶ The World War II-model guns mounted on U.S. interceptors—a .50-cal. machine gun (developed in 1918) and a 20-mm. cannon (developed during the '30s)—cannot shoot down an enemy jet bomber with any efficiency. In Korea, one F-86 pilot had to spray 1,400 rounds of .50-cal. fire at a Russian MIG-15 fighter before it went down.

¶ Rockets now in production are wildly inaccurate. Pilots report an average of only one hit out of 40 tries at stationary ground targets. For air-to-air combat at supersonic speeds, present rockets are practically useless.

Blame. Aircraft armament is really not much further along than at the end of World War II. Armament is the monopoly of Army Ordnance, a powerful, well-logged bureau which makes weapons for all three services, and operates in a field where resistance to unification is greatest. Sample: Ordnance and the Navy are now experimenting with two different types of 20-mm. cannon shells which will not be interchangeable. The arms experts think that Ordnance needs a little competition from private industry. Ordnance itself blames the Air Force, and gets some support from the arms experts.

Until recently, said the experts, the Air Force has put its faith in slingshot weapons, unwilling to sacrifice the high performance of its aircraft for heavier fire power. The jets caught them napping. With thick skins, fewer moving parts, simple fuel systems and high speed, the new aircraft usually shake off machine-gun fire like a goose hit by dust shot. Finally, report the gunmen, the economically minded reign of Defense Secretary Louis Johnson stifled all but the most impor-



PROSECUTOR SAYPOL
Vigilant.

tant research in aircraft weapons. At that point the Air Force and Ordnance stacked their chips on rockets.

Fast Firing. In ten years, if all goes well, the U.S. will be equipped with guided missiles and proximity-fused spinning rockets. But right now the need is for a fast-firing, high-velocity 30- or 57-mm. cannon to fill the gap between pea shooters and rockets, and topnotch industrial engineers to design and produce them.

The Russians have already started to bridge this gap, while (presumably) waiting for accurate rockets. In Korea, one armament man pointed out, 40 heavily escorted U.S. B-29s were suddenly jumped by 80 Russian MIG-15 fighters. The MIGs knifed through the formations, shot down six of the bombers in the space of a few minutes. The MIG-15's armament: two 23-mm., one 37-mm. cannon.

COMMUNISTS

The Sheepdog

Irving H. Saypol, a stocky New Yorker with a firm chin, is now the nation's No. 1 legal hunter of top Communists. He helped Tom Murphy prosecute Alger Hiss, collaborated in the trial of the top eleven Communists and—after becoming U.S. Attorney in New York last year—convicted William Remington and Atom Spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Last week Prosecutor Saypol was busy as a sheepdog. He was trying to keep a handful of second-string Communists within the law's purview, to make sure that they are still on hand when it comes time to try them for conspiring to teach and advocate the violent overthrow of the U.S.

From the moment of their arrest a month ago, he has been on their heels, opposing every move to reduce their bail. He carried his vigilance even further. He argued that the \$171,000 bail which they

did produce was "tainted," since it was provided by the Communist Civil Rights Congress. He persuaded Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan to revoke the bail and remand the Reds to jail, until the source of the bonds could be more closely scrutinized. His argument: the Civil Rights Congress unblinkingly forfeited \$23,500 bail when Top Communist Gerhart Eisler fled the U.S., also stood surety for the eleven convicted Communist leaders, four of whom have since jumped bail.

An attorney for the Communists rushed to the court of appeals to argue that the bonds should be reinstated, at least until Judge Ryan got through investigating the Civil Rights Congress. Appeals Judge Learned Hand, temporarily back from retirement, ruled that that was right. "An outrage!" shouted Irving Saypol. Retorted Judge Hand: "These men are not likely to abscond." Cried Saypol: "What—after eight have absconded!" Saypol lost this round, but this week he won the next. Judge Ryan upheld Saypol's contention that the Communists' bail was tainted. Unless they can get bail from another source, the Communists will have to await trial behind bars.

Freed on his own \$10,000 bail last week was Frederick Vanderbilt Field, millionaire Communist angel, whom Judge Ryan had sentenced to 90 days for contempt of court. Field, a trustee of the Civil Rights Congress bail fund, refused to tell what he knew of the organization's real identity or source of funds. Still in jail on the same charge were two other trustees, one of them Mystery Writer Dashiell (*The Thin Man*) Hammett.

MANNERS & MORALS

Hot Argument

New York's gum-chewing *Daily News* took time out from huffing at Harry to return to a hot-weather editorial battle it has been waging for years. Subject: men's summer wear—too many, too heavy and too hot. Said the *News*: "We've never . . . blown our editorial horn for any nudist cult . . . Where do you put your change, cigarettes and matches? [But] we've urged outright rebellion against any and all social edicts which say a guy has to pull a hot jacket over a carcass which already, probably, is steaming like a 1908 Maxwell. Down with any heartless females and etiquette fanatics who'd still like to see us looking like boiled lobsters and feeling like steamed clams." The *News* confidently headlined it: WE'RE WINNING THIS ONE, GENTS.

Actually, the battle is far from won in New York City, one of the nation's strongholds of the summertime coat and tie, where many a stuffy restaurant owner keeps a supply of odd-size jackets on hand to make sure that customers can be made socially acceptable on hot afternoons. But this week the Gallup poll reported some encouraging returns. Seven out of ten U.S. women, said Gallup, now look with approval on shirt-sleeved males.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Toward an Agenda

After three days during which the Reds made up their minds to yield to U.N. demands (see col. 2), the negotiators were back at their conference table. The Kaesong talks went on behind an enclosure of barbed wire and strictest secrecy, but the Communists broadcast to the world their conditions for a cease-fire:

- ¶ The opposing armies to withdraw to a distance of ten kilometers (about 6.2 miles) north and south of the 38th parallel;
- ¶ The 12½-mile-wide strip thus created across the peninsula to be under the civil administration of the North and South Korean governments;
- ¶ Prisoners to be exchanged;
- ¶ All "foreign troops" to withdraw from

present U.N.-held line, requiring the Communists to move back;

¶ An international commission with full power of inspection in North Korea;

¶ No further shipments of war material or "volunteers" to Korea.

This week the U.N. command reported progress at Kaesong toward an agenda. Once the agenda gets written, the real struggle of the conference will begin.

Red Backdown

The first decision in the Battle of Kaesong went to the allies.

The Communists, who had insisted on Kaesong, a town in Red territory, as the scene of the truce talks, took over the place, behaved as if they were the victors receiving a peace delegation from a beaten enemy. Communist propagandists spread

farewells, crossed his fingers and rolled his eyes heavenward. Ridgway said to the newsmen, with unaffected earnestness: "This is a historic moment."

In the conference room at Kaesong, the five-man U.N. team were met by the five Red bargainers. North Korean General Nam Il, leader of the Red delegation, turned out to be a fine figure of a man and a crisp, impressive soldier. He was resplendent in boots, red-striped trousers and gold-laden shoulders.

Nam Il studied his watch as the seconds ticked away. Exactly on the stroke of the scheduled hour, he signaled his interpreter, and the talks began.

Admiral Joy delivered an opening statement in which he assured the Reds of U.N. good faith. The heart of his statement was that the U.N. delegation would not discuss political or economic matters, or military matters outside of Korea.

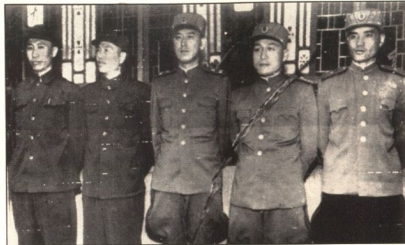
Then Joy proposed that allied newsmen be admitted into the conference area. After consulting with headquarters, General Nam replied that it was "not the time yet for the press to come in."

Between meetings, the allied delegates were ushered about by Tommy-gun-toting soldiers. When Joy sent a messenger back to the airfield for a briefcase, it took the messenger 90 minutes to break his way through the Communist guards. That night, when Joy and his fellow delegates got back to Munsan, the admiral looked worn and tired, was so preoccupied that he almost walked into the whirling tail rotor of his helicopter.

Second Day. The Red radio broadcast detailed accounts of the first day's conference, triumphant in tone, while the U.N. kept mum and allied newsmen, harried from Kaesong, had almost nothing to report to the world. Five civilian newsreel and newspaper photographers slipped past the Communist roadblocks on the ground that they were "accredited to the U.S. Army," reported some details of the Communists' highbanded behavior in the Kaesong area. Chinese troops lined the roads, bristling not only with burp guns but also with captured U.S. carbines and British Sten guns.

In Kaesong, the only freedom of movement for the U.N. people was along the Munsan road, and between the meeting-house and the U.N. headquarters house, two blocks away. This headquarters, which stood between low hills on the outskirts of Kaesong, had been assigned and furnished by the Communists; the U.N. staff refurbished it with articles trucked up from Munsan. Outside the headquarters house was a stone tablet bearing the words *Yung-ting Tai*—meaning Everlasting Stability Terrace.

At the conference table, Admiral Joy again demanded that allied newsmen be admitted to Kaesong. Replied General Nam: "The matter must be reserved." Then Joy read a sharp message from Ridgway: "The presence of . . . newsmen



RED TRUCE TEAM: GENERAL NAM (CENTER), WITH KOREANS (RIGHT) & CHINESE (LEFT)
Behind the barbed wire, the real struggle began.

Korea in "the shortest possible time."

This set of terms is clearly unacceptable to the U.N. Item: it would cause the U.N. forces to give up substantial ground already won. Item: it provides no machinery, e.g., mutual inspection, to make sure that the truce is kept. Item: to withdraw from Korea under any circumstances "in the shortest possible time" would be to leave South Korea to the mercy of the Communists once again.

The U.N. kept officially silent about the Red proposals, but in an unguarded moment, Rear Admiral Arleigh ("31-Knot") Burke implied that the U.N. had refused at the first meeting to discuss withdrawal of troops from Korea. Reason: that is a political matter, and the discussions are limited to military matters leading only to an armistice. Meanwhile, the U.N. is on record with its minimum truce conditions:

- ¶ A cease-fire with enforcement provisions;
- ¶ A 20-mile-deep buffer zone between the opposing forces, roughly along the

picture of armed Chinese and North Koreans blustering over unarmed U.S. delegates (see below). Matt Ridgway is not the kind of man to take such treatment calmly. He seized on the question of allied war correspondents' being allowed to cover the meetings (see Press) and used that issue to show the Reds—and the world—that the U.N. was not begging for peace.

First Day. Before leaving Munsan in his helicopter for the first day of the truce talks, Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy, the chief U.N. negotiator, scribbled a word for the throng of newsmen who were being left behind. "We, the delegation from the United Nations command, are leaving for Kaesong fully conscious of the importance of these meetings to the entire world. We are proceeding in good faith to do our part to bring about an honorable armistice . . ." The word "honorable" was heavily underscored. Supreme Commander Ridgway accompanied the admiral to his 'copter. As the machine rose, Joy, responding to the correspondents'

at a conference of such major importance to the entire world is considered an inherent right by members of the United Nations . . ." Matt Ridgway had decided to force the issue. Joy told the Reds that a truckload of 20 newsmen would go to Kaesong next day.

Third Day. As the correspondents started out next morning for the conference, Ridgway wished them luck. At the Communist check point north of the Im-jin River, armed Red guards told the convoy commander that it could not pass. There was a wary and polite argument. The man who pretended to be in charge of the Red roadblock was a nervous young North Korean lieutenant. The man actually in charge was a small, pock-marked Chinese. As the dispute waxed hotter, the Chinese coached the young North Korean more & more openly.

The U.N. jeeps and trucks turned around, one by one in the narrow road, and rolled back to Munsan. Admiral Joy and his four team members, who had been waiting at Munsan, did not take off in their 'copters that day.

Joy sent an indignant message to Nam Il making it clear that the truce talks had been broken off because of the blockade. "I am prepared to return with my delegation and continue the discussions which were recessed yesterday upon notification from you that my convoy, bearing personnel of my choosing, including such press representation I consider necessary, will be cleared to the conference site."

Fourth Day. The Communist answer to this was a petulant suggestion that Joy had no valid reason for his action, asked that the conferences start up again on the same basis as before. Cried Radio Peking (in its own brand of English): "There is some dubiety that the American side sincerely wants peace."

Matt Ridgway saw his opening and moved decisively. Over General Nam Il's head, he sent a crisp, soldierly message to



JOE SCHERSCHEL—LIFE
ADMIRAL JOY
Underscored: honor.

Korea's Kim Il Sung and China's Peng Teh-huai, the two Red bosses with whom he had done the preliminary dickering leading up to Kaesong. Said Ridgway: "The assurances which I require are simple and few . . . The establishment of an agreed conference area of suitable extent completely free of armed personnel of either side. Each delegation must have complete reciprocity of treatment to include complete and equal freedom of movement to, from and within the agreed conference area and . . . include representatives of the press.

"I therefore now propose that a circular area with its center approximately at the center of Kaesong and with a five-mile radius be agreed upon as a neutral zone . . . I propose that we both agree to re-

frain from any hostile acts within this zone during the entire period of our conference. [And] I propose that we agree that the area of the conference site and the roads leading thereto used by personnel of both delegation parties be completely free of armed personnel . . ."

Fifth Day. Matt Ridgway, acting on his own authority, had taken the accurate measure of the men he was dealing with. The Reds capitulated. Said Kim and Peng in a message to Ridgway: "In order to prevent this tiny problem from causing rupture of the negotiations, we agree to your proposal . . ." To Nam Il, Admiral Joy proposed a resumption of negotiations at 2 p.m. Sunday. In five minutes, Joy had an answer. Said Nam: "I will welcome your delegates at 1400 Seoul time." It was probably a speed record of some sort for a Communist backdown.

Inside Kaesong

At last the eyes & ears of the Western world could examine Kaesong. Fourth in a convoy of 16 vehicles was a six-by-six truck carrying 20 allied correspondents and photographers.

The only armed Communists they saw were two M.P.s directing traffic with burp guns slung from their shoulders. (Admiral Joy had agreed to a "necessary minimum" of armed Communist soldiers.) Outside the conference building (newly designated by the Communists as "United Nations House") they found two North Korean officers and a woman sergeant, pert in an olive jacket and blue skirt, who turned out to be a Miss Paik of Pyongyang. The three told the U.N. convoy commander they were there to provide any services they could.

Miss Paik of Pyongyang. On the porch of a Korean house nearby were about 20 Communists, half of them North Koreans with shoulder boards and fancy uniforms, half, Chinese with unstarched, unmarked yellow-green uniforms. Some wore badges



U.N. CONVOY STALLED EN ROUTE TO KAESONG
Required: simple and few assurances.

Associated Press

with "Reception Personnel" inscribed in English and in Chinese or Korean characters, others appeared to be the Chinese press.

Communist and U.N. cameramen opened up on one another. In some cases the lensmen closed to a yard or less; one Chinese movie cameraman got so excited that he fired for half an hour with all three of his lenses capped. Some of the Communists relaxed to the extent of returning a smile. But several refused U.N. cigarettes and one turned away to spit on the ground.

A U.S. corporal going about his communications duties was amazed to hear Miss Paik of Pyongyang call out in English: "How long have you been over here?" He answered, "Thirteen months, almost," and she said, "That's too long." The corporal asked her what her people wanted anyway—maybe a unified Korea with north and south together? Yes, agreed Miss Paik, that was about it. "Who do you want to run it," asked the corporal, "the Communists or the U.N.?" Sergeant Paik smiled discreetly and shook her head.

At the Green Table. The reporters were not admitted to the conference room, but got a detailed picture of what it was like inside. The North Korean delegation head, General Nam Il, smoked incessantly at the green baize table. On his right were the two Chinese, Teng Gua and Hsieh Feng, and on his left the two other North Koreans, Lee Song Cho and Chang Pyong San. The U.N. delegation

was seated similarly, with Admiral Joy opposite Nam.

Behind the delegates were their aides, and behind them secretaries and short-hand reporters. After Joy spoke, always from a manuscript, an interpreter repeated his remarks in Korean, a short paragraph at a time. Nam's words were translated into both English and Chinese for the comrades from behind the Yalu. Sometimes young Korean girls in uniform gawked in at the windows—just like people at home gawking into Macy's, said a U.S. briefing officer.

BATTLE OF KOREA

"Until Such Time..."

"Hostilities will continue... until such time as there is an agreement on the... armistice..."

So said Vice Admiral Joy, chief U.N. delegate at the truce talks. On the eastern front last week, attacking South Koreans were driven back by counterattacking North Koreans. South of Kumsong, the Reds' central front bastion, U.N. forces gained more than a mile against heavy machine-gun fire. But the general pattern was one of watchful waiting.

While the cease-fire talks are going on, the U.N. commanders have to keep contact with the enemy in the field and prevent him from gaining ground. Within those limits, they are saving their men. For the time being, they are not trying to kill large numbers of Reds—but they could start that again, any time.

PROPAGANDA

Stalin's Mustache

Out of the Kaesong cease-fire talks, world Communism is making a loud, crude but effective propaganda symphony. One of its two themes is Red "victory"; it portrays the "Western aggressors" as wounded, dragged in the dust, waving the white flag, and helplessly suing for peace. The other theme is Red "peace"; it portrays the same aggressors miraculously risen from the dust, intact and blood-thirsty, hell-bent for more and bigger wars—while the Communist bloc, pure of heart and with malice toward none, waves the olive branch.

Billionaires' Dreams. Asians are getting the fullest force of the victory blast. The Reds took movies of white-flagged U.N. convoys and unarmed U.N. negotiators surrounded by armed Communist guards. Hong Kong is sure that the pictures have had immense impact in Red China and elsewhere in Asia. The New China News Agency cried last week: "The Chinese and [Communist] Korean forces are invincible. The Korean war is wearing out America's war resources, exposing its aggressive plans, and weakening its war potential at a staggering rate. The war of attrition in Korea has completely shattered Wall Street billionaires' dreams of conquering Korea cheaply."

The Reds, now rocked by General Ridgway's decisive reversal of the course of the truce conference, are not trying the full-blast victory theme in Europe—because they know that they cannot get away with it, and knew it even before Ridgway struck the issue. Instead, they are plugging the peace theme. Communist papers complain of Ridgway's truculence in breaking off the talks, represent the Communists as "patient," the U.S. as "power mad." The London *Daily Worker* printed a photomontage showing five smiling world leaders sitting around a conference table: Truman, Stalin, France's Schuman, Britain's Attlee and Red China's Mao Tse-tung. Banner: THESE FIVE MEN CAN MAKE PEACE. Caption: "This is the picture the world is waiting to see."

Psychological Attack. Moscow's men launched a new English-language semi-monthly magazine, quaintly christened *News*. Piped the first issue of *News*: "We do not believe that war is inevitable. We are firmly convinced that peaceful international cooperation is possible and indeed essential for tranquillity and security..."

The peace theme is the more dangerous of the two: it is, in fact, a psychological attack on the resolution of the free world. Said Stalin's former pupil, Tito, last week: Moscow's cease-fire overture is "only a maneuver—to calm things down in Korea in order to open fire in another place..." The North Koreans have heated up the soup and now they have burned themselves...

Concluded Tito: "Stalin is known the world over for his mustache, but not for his wisdom."



DOWN WITH THE TRUCE was the consensus of this crowd of 80,000 South Koreans gathered in Seoul last week to protest a "peace without unity." All over free Korea, ward and block leaders last week rallied other crowds to decry a settlement with the enemy that would still leave their country divided. Wrinkled old President Syngman Rhee himself shook off a cold to buttonhole General Ridgway on the subject. The Korean Ambassador presented his country's formal objections in Washington.

INTERNATIONAL

TREATIES

Pacific Pact

The U.S. last week took an important step toward security in the Pacific: acting for the State Department, John Foster Dulles initiated a mutual-defense pact with Australia and New Zealand. The treaty, initiated at the same time by both South Pacific nations, calls for "continuous and effective self-help and mutual aid," establishes a Pacific council of foreign ministers to implement the plan. By its terms the three nations declare "their sense of unity, so that no potential aggressor will be under the illusion that any of them stands alone." Eventual aim: to bring all friendly Pacific nations into a NATO-like Pacific pact.

Terms of Peace

Also announced last week: the terms of the momentous Japanese peace treaty, to be signed at San Francisco on Sept. 4 by the U.S., Great Britain and some 50 other former enemies of Japan. Main points: Japan becomes a fully sovereign nation with authority to rearm or develop its economy as it pleases.

Japan is eligible for U.N. membership.

The occupation of Japan ends 90 days after the treaty goes into effect—but the U.S. will sign a separate agreement to permit its forces to keep air, sea and land bases in Japan.

Japan will pay no cash or material reparations, but will give reparations through labor. Under this plan, former enemy countries may send raw materials to Japan to be processed, free of charge.

Japan renounces its claims to Formosa (held by the Chinese Nationalists), the Kurile Islands and South Sakhalin (Russia got both at Yalta), the 623 formerly mandated islands of the Caroline, Mariana and Marshall chain (now controlled by the U.S. under U.N. trusteeship), and the Bonin and Ryukyu Islands, including B-29 base Okinawa (now occupied by the U.S.).

In Washington, Ambassador Dulles, who in 14 weeks of hard globe-trotting convinced the U.S.'s allies that the best hope for permanent peace with Japan lies in a magnanimous peace (TIME, June 25), said: "The treaty is truly one of reconciliation. Never in modern times have the victors in a great and bitter war applied this principle. They have, in the name of peace, imposed discriminations and humiliation which have bred new war. [We] would avoid that great error."

Russia has been invited to San Francisco but is not likely to accept: the Kremlin demanded last month that the Japanese treaty be turned over to a Big Four conference of the U.S., Russia, Britain and Communist China, assailed the U.S. plan, which excludes the Chinese Reds—like the Nationalists—from signing the treaty (Japan will be free to choose later which Chinese regime it



U.S. BUILDUP IN NATO defense army has brought three divisions into Western Germany, with two more coming. Already on the scene: the 1st Infantry ("The Big Red One"), commanded by Brigadier General Thomas Sherman Timberman; the 4th Infantry, commanded by Major General Harlan Nelson Hartness. Now arriving: the 2nd Armored ("Hell on Wheels") Division, commanded by Major General Williston Birkhimer Palmer. Total number of U.S. troops: 130,000 men, of whom 85,000 are combat soldiers, concentrated in the Seventh Army, under Lieut. General Mantion Sprague Eddy, with headquarters at Stuttgart. The balance: housekeeping and occupation troops. Scheduled to arrive before year's end: the 43rd Division, to be based near Stuttgart; the 28th Division, to be based near Munich. This means that by Jan. 1, 1952, the U.S. will contribute five of General Dwight D. Eisenhower's (planned) army of 14 NATO divisions.

U.S. troops still "have it good" in Germany (plenty of recreation, good food, barracks that resemble U.S. college dormitories, etc.), but there is plenty of hard work, as the units are being put on a combat basis. Chief difficulty facing the insufficiently trained U.S. forces: lack of adequate room for training. One-hundred-square-mile Grafenwohr, a tiny blob compared to training areas in the U.S. Southwest, is the principal infantry training ground in crowded Germany. The Twelfth Air Force fighter pilots must fly to the North African deserts for firing practice. Antiaircraft batteries travel to Sylt on the Danish frontier to fire their big guns. Medium bombers of the 3rd Air Force, based in England, use Helgoland for bombing practice. Jet planes are based at Fürstenfeldbruck, Neubiberg, Erding and Augsburg, only a few minutes' flying time from Red Czechoslovakia, too close for comfort. Supplies for the vast operation are funneled through the ports of Bremerhaven in the British zone and Bordeaux in France.

wishes to make peace with). Last week the State Department rejected the Russian proposal. Said Dulles: "I hope the Russians will come along, but . . . we will proceed in any event. They have no veto power over this situation."

Most allied objections to the draft treaty—Britain wanted a more punitive peace, France didn't want to irritate Russia—have been ironed out. Still dissatisfied: the Philippines, which protests bitterly that the treaty will too quickly restore Japan to dominance in Asia, still insists on reparations. Indonesia, too, wants "quite a bit of money" from Japan.

THE NATIONS

Business Was Business

Britain is cracking down on trade with the enemy. Prodded by the U.S., the British government last week invoked World War II defense statutes to requisition two nearly completed 7,600-ton tankers which Bartram & Sons shipyard had contracted in 1949 to build for Red Poland. The Poles have already paid most of the purchase price. Said the British Foreign Office: Poland will get her money back.

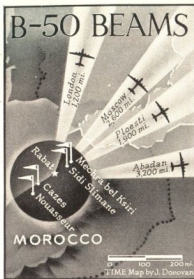
STRATEGY

Ring Around Russia

Last week brought good news of air bases for the West's air arm:

¶ The U.S. Air Force announced conclusion of an agreement with France to build five permanent air bases and a permanent headquarters for the Strategic Air Command's 5th Air Division in Morocco. From Britain, an unrevealed number of B-50 medium bombers flew to the new bases (see map) described as "under development."

¶ The U.S. reached agreement with Saudi Arabia to use its huge U.S.-built Dhahran Airfield for the next five years. Hitherto,



the U.S. has had only year-to-year agreements. The field can handle the Air Force's largest strategic bombers, commands the whole Middle East area.

¶ In Washington, the House Armed Services Committee voted more than a million dollars to the U.S. Air Force for construction of new secret bases, many of them reportedly in the Mediterranean and Middle East, within striking distance of the Soviet Union.

COMMUNISTS

Social Notes

Marriage Reported: Svetlana Dzhusgashvili, 26, redheaded daughter of Joseph Dzhusgashvili, better known as Stalin; and Mikhail Kaganovich, son of Lazar Kaganovich, longtime Politburo member and Stalin's brother-in-law; in Moscow, July 3. British and Swiss newspapers said the nuptial feast in the Kremlin lasted a fortnight, with refreshments served on Czarist gold plate and sped with pink Crimean champagne, sweet Armenian peach brandy and vodka. Cost: \$280,000.

Separated: Palmiro Togliatti, 53, Italian Communist boss, and his motherly wife, Communist Senator Rita Montagnana, after 27 years of marriage. Last year when the Togliattis left their de luxe apartment on the left bank of the Tiber, Rita went to live in Turin with their son Aldo, 26, and Palmiro moved out to a smart suburban villa in Rome. Last week they got a legal separation, which, however, does not permit them to remarry. Rumor said Togliatti might get a divorce outside Italy. The other woman: his personal secretary, buxom Communist Deputy Leonilde Iotti, 31, with whom he has been keeping steady company for several years.

Reported Dead: Maurice Thorez, 51, France's Communist boss until last November, when he suffered a stroke and was flown to Russia for medical treatment. Persistent rumors from Warsaw and Stock-

holm say Thorez died in Moscow. The French Communists deny the reports, claim that Thorez is, in fact, getting better. Possible reasons for keeping Thorez' death secret: 1) the problem of his succession in the French Communist Party; 2) reflection on Russian surgery.

Reported Purged: Petru Groza, Premier of Communist Rumania, and Vulko Chervenkov, Premier of Communist Bulgaria. New York Times gadabout Correspondent C. L. Sulzberger heard last week that both had been relieved of all their executive functions. Groza, never more than a stooge for the Communists, has been assailed for months past as a "deviationist" by Ana Pauker's ruling faction in the party. Chervenkov, a party member since 1919 and brother-in-law of Red Hero Georgi Dimitroff, seemed to have a more secure position.

Reported Shot: Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, 54. Soviet war hero, appointed Poland's Defense Minister in 1949. Stockholm rumors said Rokossovsky had been pinked by a Polish officer who later committed suicide. The Voice of America beamed the report to Poland, waited to see if Rokossovsky would deny it by making a public appearance.

Visiting: Kansas-born Dr. John A. (for Adams) Kingsbury, 74, onetime Manhattan social worker and tireless fellow traveler, who arrived in Russia last week for his second call in eight months. (On his first he headed a gaggle of U.S. pinko "peace partisans.") As chairman of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, ticketed as subversive by the Attorney General, Dr. Kingsbury was huzzed at Moscow's Leningrad Station by bureaucrats of the Soviet Committee for the Defense of Peace and the Anti-Fascist Committee of Soviet Women. Purpose of his visit, explained Dr. Kingsbury: to study the Soviet public health system.



John Phillips—LIFE

rita MONTAGNANA

Instead of a motherly senator . . .



Associated Press

LEONILDE IOTTI & TOGLIATTI

. . . a personal secretary.

IRAN

Operation Miracle

Four men stood near a runway at Tehran's Mehrabad airport one day this week, waiting for the arrival of an American who was coming to try to work a miracle. At 11 o'clock, a U.S. Air Force Constellation landed. Out stepped W. Averell Harriman (see box) and his wife. The four men, antagonists in the great oil dispute which threatens Western Europe's oil and the world's peace, pressed forward to greet him: Iran's Foreign Minister Bagher Kazemi, representing a government hell-bent on nationalizing oil; U.S. Ambassador Henry Grady, who had tried his hardest to mediate, failed, and was quitting (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS); Norman Richard Seddon, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's harassed chief representative in Iran; and British Ambassador Sir Francis Shepherd, who first said Harriman's mission had "not much point," later reversed himself on receiving tart word from London.

Blinking in the harsh sun, Harriman said: "I am not a mediator. I came here to see whether amicable discussions can attain the objectives both Iran and Great Britain desire. I shall stay as long as I can be useful."

Harriman and his wife drove 15 miles into the cool Elburz foothills to the sumptuous summer palace, pressed on him by the Iranian government for his stay. While two pools gurgled in the hilly garden outside, the party took lunch. Upstairs, servants freshened the Harriman bedrooms, bore in jerry cans filled with embassy well water (to ward off "Teheran tummy").

That evening, the Communist-led Tudeh party struck in Teheran. The success of the Harriman mission would arrest Iran's march to chaos and kill the Reds' chance of taking power in a bankrupt country. Ten thousand demonstrators, shouting about "Harriman, warmonger" and "Rapacious American imperialists," rushed toward Majlis Square.

Premier Mossadeq's right-wing National Frontists heckled the Reds and fists began to fly. When the police moved in to protect the Frontists, the Tudeh retaliated with bricks. Four light army tanks rumbled forward; police on trucks and horseback rushed in, flailed the rioters with sabers; there were shots. The Tudeh raised their dead to their shoulders to show them off as martyrs, and fell back. In half an hour, hundreds were wounded, several were killed, and Majlis Square was clear.

Next morning, police and steel-helmeted soldiers bearing fixed bayonets raided Tudeh headquarters, closed down two pro-Communist newspapers, and the government clamped martial law on Teheran. Tudeh leaders vanished. Harriman called on Premier Mohamed Mossadeq, talked for 70 minutes, made plans for a second meeting. For the moment, the Tudeh had been held. Teheran, tensely quiet, waited for the Harriman miracle.



John Zimmerman
HARRIMAN

TROUBLESHOOTER IN TEHRAN

Arrived in Iran last week, on one of the toughest, potentially most crucial diplomatic missions undertaken by the U.S.: W. (for William) Averell Harriman.

Born: Nov. 15, 1891, in New York; silver-spoon son of Railroad Empire Builder E. H. Harriman who controlled 60,000 miles of the nation's rails, including the Union Pacific.

Education: Groton, 1909; Yale, '13. Schoolmate at both: Dean Acheson.

Business Career: During summer vacations from college, worked as a clerk and section hand on the family's Union Pacific. In 1915, two years after graduating, became a U.P. vice president, board chairman in 1932; also (1931) a partner in the banking house, Wall Street's

Brown Brothers Harriman & Co. Introduced "streamliners," low-cost dining cars; turned 4,200 acres of snowbound railroad land into moneymaking Sun Valley. Gave up shipbuilding venture in the face of rugged competition; abandoned a Russian manganese export concession fearing Soviet nationalism.

Political & Diplomatic Career: Broke with the Republicans and voted for Al Smith in 1928. Great friend and follower of F.D.R., he became the tame, show-case millionaire of the New Deal. Held several jobs in the early years of the Roosevelt revolution, mostly trying to soothe irritated fellow businessmen. Defense Expediter in London (1941) to speed the flow of lend-lease aid to Britain and Russia. Ambassador to Russia, 1943-46. Had monthly conferences with Stalin, probably knows him better than any other American (Stalin presented him with a white horse). In 1945, sensed the impending break in the U.S.-Russian wartime alliance, shocked the State Department by urging firmness toward the U.S.S.R. Ambassador to Great Britain, 1946; Commerce Secretary, replacing Henry Wallace (1946); Marshall Plan ambassador to Europe (1948-50). Last year became President Truman's Special Assistant on foreign policy, helps ghostwrite Truman's foreign policy speeches, sat in on MacArthur's firing (which he strongly approved).

Appearance: Tall (6 ft. 1 in.), slim, round-shouldered, sad-faced, like a slightly healthier Harry Hopkins.

Private Life: Was divorced by his first wife after 14 years of marriage, in 1929; two daughters. Remarried in 1930. Relaxation: bridge, canasta, croquet, a collection of Van Goghs, Renoirs, Picassos, Gauguins, Winston Churchills.

Washington Appraisal: Operates intuitively, has shown remarkable foresight on occasion, but is unpredictable. By his own admission runs "an orderly shop in a disorderly sort of way." Has a sharp mind, is unimpressive on the platform, but often successful in informal conferences. Washington nickname (used affectionately by some, acidly by others): "Misty Bill."

MIDDLE EAST

Turnabout

On July 1, a 716-ton freighter bound through the Red Sea on legitimate business for the port of Aqaba, Jordan, and proceeding in international waters, was stopped by a warning shot from a corvette. An armed party from the corvette boarded the freighter, locked her crew below decks for 13 hours, looted the ship's stores and smashed its radio. The Foreign Secretary of the affronted nation sat on the story for ten days while he nervously checked and rechecked accounts of the incident. When the Foreign Secretary finally protested this violation of his nation's rights, the offending nation said arrogantly, through a spokesman: "There's too much fuss being made about the affair."

The story seemed to fit a familiar pattern: Was this not another case of a big, nasty, imperialist nation bullying a smaller, law-abiding country? As a matter of fact, the injured party was Great Britain and the arrogant bully was little Egypt.

Intolerable Tailtwister. Ever since her spanking defeat by Israel three years ago, Egypt, despite repeated protests, has stopped all vessels moving through the Suez Canal that might be going to Israeli ports. When the Labor government's Foreign Secretary, Herbert Morrison, responding to a Tory question, revealed the details of this incident last week, Commons exploded. Coming on top of Britain's humiliation in Iran, it seemed a tailtwister that the British lion did not have to suffer in silence. Asked the Tories' second-in-command, Anthony Eden: "Is not the real lesson of all this that the more concessions we make to some of these Middle Eastern countries at this time, the more our national interests and the interests of peace will suffer?" Replied Morrison: "No, sir."

But the Admiralty dispatched four 1,710-ton destroyers from Malta to the Aqaba area. Said the *Daily Express*: "Britain's patience with Egyptian pretensions . . . wins her no credit among these backward peoples. Merely contempt." A London bus conductor fumed: "It's about

time we shook our fist under their noses—those damned foreigners."

Threatening Hint. Egypt's Foreign Minister, meanwhile, hinted that, unless Britain removed her troops now guarding the Suez Canal and completely quit the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Cairo would denounce the mutual defense pact between Egypt and Britain, which still has five years to run.

In New York, Israel formally called on the U.N. Security Council to end Egypt's blockade of Israeli-bound ships passing through the Suez Canal. Israel charged that the blockade violated the Egyptian-Israeli armistice agreement, the Suez Canal convention and, by preventing Middle East oil from reaching the Haifa refinery (second in the Middle East only to Abadan), endangered Western Europe's oil supply.

GREAT BRITAIN

Census

Findings of Britain's latest census, first in 20 years:

¶ 50,210,472 people live in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, an increase since 1931 of 4,172,115 or 9.1%.

¶ There are still more women than men: 26,083,923 v. 24,126,549.

¶ The birth rate, after falling for 60 years, leveled out just before the war, has since increased. In England and Wales there were 713,000 births in 1949-50, 626,000 in 1931-32.

¶ 745,000 more people (most European refugees, immigrants from the Commonwealth and Ireland) have entered Britain since 1931 than have emigrated.

¶ Britons seem to be moving slowly back to the country—or at least the suburbs. Britain's rural population is up about 2% (19.3% v. 17.6% in 1931).

¶ Greater London, still the world's largest city, is shrinking: population dropped from an estimated 8,728,000 in 1939 to 8,346,137 in 1951.* Many Londoners evacuated during the war decided not to return.

Back at Work

In health again, but looking a shadow of his old self, King George is back going about his royal duties at Buckingham Palace. He spent three weeks in retirement at Windsor Castle, recuperating from the severe lung inflammation that laid him low last month. The King's first public appearance since his illness: the opening of a recreational center in a model village in Windsor Great Park.

Tragedy in Wonderland

If Alice's Wonderland had a railroad, it would probably look like the "Far Twittering and Oysterperch," which for years has been chuffing through the pages of *Punch*. Under the management of its founder, Cartoonist Rowland Emmett, its carriages are apt to be outhouses, its locomotives are overgrown with vines and their mechanism recalls Victorian bathroom fixtures. The Emmett Railway is driven by elderly gentlemen with droopy mustaches, colwheels in their ears, and a quiet contempt for the world about them. When the managers of the Festival of Britain were making plans for a London Pleasure Garden in which fun & games might sprout freely, they decided to transfer Emmett's gentle caricature of the Machine Age into reality.

Up & down a 15-inch-gauge, 500-yard track scooted two not-too-reasonable facsimiles of the Emmett trains (rechristened "Far Tottering and Oyster Creek"); past weird scenery erected along the line: flat-footed cows, crooked lampposts hung with

* Greater New York: 7,888,400.



Associated Press

KING GEORGE
A shadow of his old self.

lobster pots. One train had a candy-striped engine with a balloon-shaped boiler and an elegant, winged smokestack; the other had spidery wheels, a teapot boiler and potted pink geraniums on top. Midgets dressed up as policemen were hired the first week to direct the delighted crowds which flocked about Britain's own Toonerville Trolley.

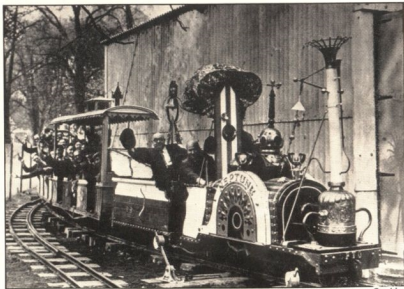
One night last week, carrying a giggling load of passengers, one train was tootling along the single track when from the opposite direction the other approached at about 7 m.p.h. The clever device which controlled the trains—so that only one would be on the track at any time—had gone wrong, as if to demonstrate that Wonderland will not be governed by electrical switches. The trains crashed head on. In the wreck of the Far Tottering and Oyster Creek, one passenger was killed, 13 injured.

Nye's Way

Ever since Aneurin Bevan, labor's hell-raising left-winger, quit the Attlee government last April, he has been working on a manifesto which, friends said, would inject new life into Britain's torpid socialism. Last week Bevan unveiled the manifesto. Title: *One Way Only*.

Main recommendations: 1) slow down rearmament and try to negotiate a peaceful settlement with Russia; 2) restrain the "breakneck" pace of U.S. rearmaments; 3) resist German rearmament and Franco Spain's admission to the Atlantic alliance; 4) maintain veto power over any warlike mission of a U.S. bomber using British bases; 5) use more stringent socialist controls to keep down the cost of living in Britain; 6) establish, with Russian participation, a World Mutual Aid Plan (which would have to be largely financed by the wicked, capitalist U.S.) to help underprivileged countries.

"No one except a pacifist or partisan of the Kremlin," explains Bevan, "would



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argue that military strength is not needed to deter the rulers of Soviet Russia." But rearmament is proceeding too rapidly and may spoil the chances of a peaceful settlement. "In 1953 . . . the Americans will possess a dominance in armed strength . . . greater than that which was ever possessed by any other country in peacetime. It is not unknown for a giant to wish to use his strength, even though he is not attacked." Few Britons, except the editors of the *Daily Worker* and Bevan's followers, had anything good to say about Nye Bevan's proposed road for Britain.

Said the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*: "Extremely muddled thinking." Said the *London Economist*: "Mr. Bevan's brand of reactionary orthodoxy cannot rest on anything but poverty of thought." Said the *Daily Mail*: "Political nitwitting."

SPAIN

Rumblings

Report from Madrid: Franco is planning a full-scale cabinet shake-up, the first in six years. There seem to be three reasons: 1) Franco wants to establish better relations with the democratic world; 2) the Spanish people are increasingly restless under the Franco regime (*TIME*, March 19); 3) Spanish businessmen have long smarted under the rule of Minister of Industry and Commerce Juan Antonio Suñer, who enforces a torpid, controlled economy in Spain. Rumored to go in the shake-up: Minister Suñer.

Franco is also reported about to liberalize Spain's restrictive press laws. Steady pressure for this reform is being exerted by the Roman Catholic Church in Spain and its lay organization, Catholic Action.

In Washington, Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations, announced that he would stop off at Madrid on his forthcoming tour of Western Europe. The British and French Foreign Offices nervously—and publicly—advised the U.S. against entering any military arrangement with Franco Spain.

ITALY

De Gasperi Resigns

Some sort of shake-up in Italy's government seemed inevitable as a result of the recent elections in which the Reds held their own, and right-wing parties made substantial gains (*TIME*, June 11). The big question: Could Christian Democrat Alcide de Gasperi trim his sails to the new winds merely by reshuffling his cabinet, or would his coalition government collapse after 5½ years of rule? Last week Treasury Minister Giuseppe Pella resigned because of opposition from both extreme right and extreme left to his anti-inflationary budget plan. When Pella refused to reconsider, all the other cabinet ministers handed in their resignations. The Premier himself followed suit.

Next step, a request by Italy's President Luigi Einaudi—probably directed to De Gasperi—to form a new government.

GERMANY

Reunion in Berlin

More than 200,000 people streamed into Berlin last week from all over Germany to attend a five-day *Kirchentag* (church day) assembly of the German Evangelical (Protestant) Church. It was the first large-scale meeting of East and West Germans since the Russians divided the country.

At huge outdoor rallies, with the slogan *Wir Sind Doch Brüder* (despite everything, we are brothers), the pilgrims listened to sermons. The tone, on the surface, was non-political. This was in keeping with German Protestantism's policy toward Communism: don't seek martyrdom; outwardly obey the authorities; maintain the church organization in the hope of a new day.

Yet politics simply would not stay out of sight. Pilgrims from the East Zone, plodding in faded clothes and ersatz shoes, gaped at the evidences of prosperity in West Berlin.

At mass rallies—one in Berlin's Soviet sector, three in the West—the East German pilgrims heard religious words with political accents.

¶ Said Dr. Reinold von Thadden-Trieglaff, president of the *Kirchentag*: "We do not want to hide the fact that the difficul-

ties of conscience of those who are not allowed to proclaim their faith in full freedom weigh heavily upon us."

¶ Said Pastor Martin Niemöller, pointedly: "We must not extend brotherhood only to those with the point of view we like, but to all. We must understand even hardened criminals."

¶ Said a *Kirchentag* resolution: "Our children . . . do not belong . . . to the state first."

¶ Said Berlin's bearded Bishop Otto Dibelius, who has been seen outspokenly anti-Communist than other German Protestant churchmen: "We especially pray for our imprisoned brothers & sisters here and out in the wide world."

The Communists sanctioned the meeting of the East and West Germans—"Germans at one table," was their slogan—in the hope of promoting themselves as the champions of German unity. East German President Wilhelm Pieck in person attended the opening session in East Berlin's graceful Gothic Marienkirche (he tried to slip in through the center portal usually reserved for brides, bishops and, in the old days, the Kaiser, but was hurriedly eased over to a side door).

But by & large, the Communist intention failed. East Germany's Protestants are back in their Soviet prison this week with an eye & earful of democracy, a feeling of solidarity with their Western brethren—and, probably, not a little envy of their freedom.

RUSSIA

Canine Canard

In his rich, full dog's life, Tobey, a small white French poodle, achieved fame of a sort. The last of a succession of Tobeyes owned by rich, eccentric Miss Ella Virginia von Ehtzelt Wendel, he slept on a little bed in Miss Wendel's own bedroom in her house on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, and ate delicate meals of sliced liver on a tiny table. When Miss Wendel died in 1931, aged 78, Tobey was looked after by two servants. Newsmen dubbed Tobey "the richest dog in the world." But, while Miss Wendel left an estate of \$40 million, her will made no mention of Tobey. Two years later, the executors of the estate decided that Tobey, having reached a sickly and snappish nine years, should end his life painlessly at the veterinarian's.

Last week the late, long-forgotten Tobey achieved new fame. Moscow Radio Commentator Berko told listeners about "the little dog Tobey who lives in a very beautiful, richly decorated house, built by the best architects in the country . . . His mistress, a mad American woman, left it \$75 million . . . The dog sleeps on a golden bed. It is attended by a staff of 45 servants and six lawyers." Moral for Moscow: "While the millionaire dog lives in a beautiful private house, the children of the workers, dressed in tatters, roam the streets begging for a piece of bread. Like stray dogs, they sleep in the open . . . searching for food in the rubbish."



European

BERLIN AIRLIFT MEMORIAL was unveiled last week on the great Platz der Luftbrücke (Airlift Square) in front of Tempelhof Airlift Terminal. The 63-ft. concrete shaft consists of three arcs, symbolizing flight, has the names of 75 men (39 Britons, 31 Americans, five Germans) engraved on its base with the inscription in German: "They gave their lives in the service of the Airlift-1948-1949."

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Coin Trick

The Finance Minister's Parliamentary Assistant Jimmy Sinclair remembers now that he did not have much hope of success when he was sent to Yugoslavia last year. His mission was to collect a debt (\$226,000) owed to Canada for postwar relief. To his pleased surprise, Marshal Tito amiably agreed to pay back two-thirds of what Yugoslavia owed. He also vowed Sinclair with his coin-trick joke about Stalin.

Tito extended his hands, placed the opposing fingertips together, except for the middle fingers which were bent so that the backs of their second joints stayed in contact. Then he put a coin between his thumbs. "This is the way Britain gives assistance," he said as he parted the thumbs, allowing the coin to drop easily. Then, just as easily, he dropped the coin from between his index fingertips; that, he explained, represented the ready generosity of the U.S. Then, still holding his fingers in the same position, Tito pressed the coin between his third fingers. He tried but could not draw them apart; the coin could not be budged. Sinclair, when he, too, tried the trick, found it impossible to part his own third fingers. "That," said

Tito, "is the way Russia gives assistance."

Ever since then, Yugoslavia and Canada have been getting along better & better. The two countries have just elevated their respective envoys to the rank of ambassador (for Canada, J. Scott Macdonald will be shifted from the embassy in Rio de Janeiro to the new one in Belgrade; for Yugoslavia, Minister Rade Prbicevic in Ottawa has been promoted). To show its good will, Canada has even sent a gift of 125 tons of codfish to Titoland.

Last week only one dark cloud, as yet no bigger than a man's hand, hovered on the horizon of Yugoslavia-Canada relations. Tito has notified Ottawa that one Radan Radican Grujic is a refugee in Canada and should be sent back to his homeland to stand trial for 1,000 political murders. Grujic, according to Belgrade, was chief of Hitler's Gestapo in Serbia. In 1948 he entered Canada as a D.P. Until recently Grujic lived in a Toronto rooming house; his present whereabouts are unknown, except perhaps to the R.C.M.P.

If Canada refuses to turn the wanted man over to Tito, the cordial new relations will suffer; if Canada extradites him, Grujic may not get a fair trial. Grujic, in Tito's hands, will be like the coin between the third fingers.

Reciprocity

Canada this year is spending \$300 million in the U.S. for defense equipment. The U.S. has been planning to buy less than \$100 million worth of military supplies from Canada. Though Defense Minister Brooke Claxton recently said that "no two countries in the world have closer arrangements for their common defense," the unbalanced trade in military items has long been a thorny issue to officials in dollar-short Canada.

Chief tynism to reciprocity has been the U.S. "Buy American" Act of 1933, which bars purchase abroad of any military matériel that can be procured at home. Under a loophole in the act, permitting "exceptions" in the nation's best interest, Washington early in 1950 authorized the spending of \$25 million a year in Canada. After the Korean War broke out, the figure was boosted to \$100 million. Last week the Defense Department raised the ceiling to \$300 million.

GUATEMALA

Under Western Eyes

July seems to be the month for violence in Guatemala. In that month of 1949, the assassination of Colonel Francisco J. Arana, chief of the armed forces, sparked a brief, bloody revolt against the left-wing government of President Juan José Arévalo. The following July, anti-Arévalo demonstrations in Guatemala City touched off another uprising. Last week again, there were gunfire and bloodshed in the streets of the capital.

"Enemies of the People." Trouble began when Gabriel Alvarado, director of the National Orphanage and an avowed Communist, dismissed three Roman Catholic nuns of the Sisters of Charity, which founded the orphanage in 1867. A mob, made up largely of market women and university students, broke into the orphanage, beat up Alvarado and his aides. Another mob smashed up the offices of the Communist newspaper *Octubre*.

Next day, in the name of President Jacobo Arbenz, who took over from Arévalo last March, the government radio broadcast a threat: the "enemies of the people" planning the overthrow of his government would be given "a lesson they would never forget." Undeterred, a crowd of 10,000 gathered in front of the National Palace, chanted the national anthem, flourished anti-Communist placards.

Police tried to break up the demonstration by firing rifles into the air. The crowd held its ground. The police lowered their rifles and fired at the demonstrators. Screaming, they stampeded. At least five were killed, some 60 wounded.

"To Save the Nation." President Arbenz declared a state of siege, suspended constitutional guarantees for 30 days, banned gatherings and meetings "likely to affect public order." Then, in a gesture to



MANCHA, meaning "Spot," is President Juan Perón's favorite horse. The seven-year-old gelding, a strikingly marked crossbreed bought from the Argentine Army, is shown bearing the President during the July 9 Independence Day parade in Buenos Aires.

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anti-Communists, he dismissed Marxist Alvarado, appointed as the new orphanage director Roman Catholic Ernesto Cofiño, who reinstated the three nuns.

The Association of University Students called upon Congress to "save the nation from totalitarian (*i.e.*, Communist) slavery." But some anti-Communist Guatemalans were beginning to wonder whether Arbenz wanted to save the nation from the Red totalitarians. No Communist himself, he seemed to be a prisoner of the Communist bureaucrats, politicians and union bosses who grabbed power during the Arévalo regime. Said a student wounded during last week's fray: "We Guatemalans must face up to the fact that ours is the only country west of the Iron Curtain where peaceful anti-Communist demonstrators are dispersed by government bullets."

BRAZIL

On the Warpath

To the *caboclos* (rubber-tree tappers and Brazil-nut gatherers) who live along tributaries of the Amazon, the Caiapó Indians are bad medicine. Savage and naked, they lurk in the jungle until the men in *caboclo* settlements leave for the day's work. Then they swoop down, killing everyone but the girls, whom they kidnap. If they meet resistance, they fire thatched huts with flaming arrows, like Sioux attacking a covered-wagon train. Says an old trader: "The best thing to do when you see a Caiapó is to shoot first."

To the Caiapós, on the other hand, the *caboclos* are sinister members of a light-skinned tribe which threatens their tropical hunting grounds and may rightfully be attacked. In this view they have a virtual ally in the powerful Indian Protective Service, a federal bureau. So considerate is the Indian Service of its wards that it has even tried to have the government forbid shooting of Indians in self-defense.

Last week, after many months of increasing Caiapó depredations, the State of Pará Chamber of Commerce sent an angry telegram to Brazil's Congress, "transmitting the intense clamor of the state's population against the murdering of rubber tappers and nut gatherers by the Caiapó Indians." It noted that "at a time when Brazil needs its rubber for its economy, security and defense," production in the area had dropped from 2,000 to 400 tons a year as frightened *caboclos* refused to venture into Caiapó territory. Worse, the Indians, in addition to bows & arrows, clubs and lances, were using Winchester rifles supplied to them by renegade rubber traders, just as firewater and firearms were sold to U.S. redskins by unscrupulous fur traders. The telegram hinted that the Winchester ammunition came from the Indian Service; recently at a Service post police seized 16,000 rifle bullets.

Unperturbed, the Indian Service answered: "When nuts and rubber pay good prices, white men invade Indian territory. From the position we take against exploiters and invaders comes the animosity against our service."

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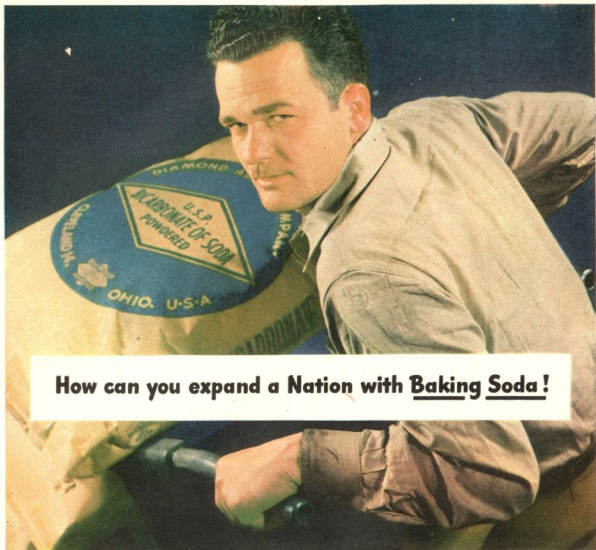
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PEOPLE

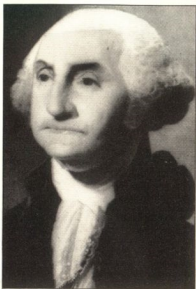
Jigs & Judgments

The wife of a Tahitian planter who had entertained Voyager **Thor Heyerdahl** and friends at a hula party in Papeete decided that the dance was strictly a private affair, never meant for public eyes. Since Heyerdahl filmed it, then used a few seconds of the shot in his movie *Kon-Tiki*, she sued for \$150,000.

Shirtless and full of aloha spirits, Cinemactor **Zachary (Born to Be Bad) Scott** walked into a Honolulu penny arcade where a bemused crowd gathered to watch him shimmy through a barefoot hula. The show ended when cops arrived, charged Scott with being drunk, bedded him in jail for six hours.

A Los Angeles judge decided that silent Cinemactress **Dolores Costello**, 45, one-time wife of the late **John Barrymore**, had grounds for divorcing her second husband, **Dr. John Vruwink**, 60, Said Dolores: "I got what I would call the monastic treatment. He wouldn't speak for days at a time." Even worse, she said, he pushed her around the kitchen in one row, and she got her head caught in a swinging door.

Federal Judge Benjamin Harrison heard the income-tax evasion case against Gambler **Mickey Cohen**, sentenced him to five years in jail plus a \$10,000 fine, then commented: "You're not as bad as you have been pictured. Perhaps more of us would be gamblers if we'd been so lucky as you have." That conclusion hotted up the Tennessee temper of crime-busting Senator **Estes Kefauver**: Cohen should have been given a heavier sentence "instead of a pat on the back." From the Billy Sunday Memorial Tabernacle near Warsaw, Ind. came the view of Evangelist **Billy Graham**: "I am praying that after Mickey Cohen has paid his debt to society, he will give his heart and life to



STUART'S TOOTHLESS WASHINGTON
Harry took one look.

Christ. He has the making of one of the greatest gospel preachers of all time."

Back from Europe, the Democratic National Committee's **India Edwards** brought glowing reports of U.S. ladies abroad: Ambassador to Denmark **Eugenie Anderson** "is loved by everybody." Minister to Luxembourg **Perle Mesta** "is the darling of Luxembourg; people just adore her." **Margaret Truman** did "a great job, making friends for the whole U.S.," and **Mrs. John McCloy**, wife of the U.S. High Commissioner, "sees every German who wants to see her."

When the U.S. Embassy in Madrid recently returned a half-forgotten Gilbert

Stuart portrait of **George Washington**, his 31st successor, **Harry Truman**, took one look at the picture and said: "He hasn't got his wooden teeth." Art experts called in a dental expert with calipers to measure Washington's nose, upper lip and chin, then compared the findings with similar measurements of other Stuart portraits. His verdict: President Truman is undoubtedly right; Stuart painted this portrait with the famous dentures missing.

Trade News

Leaving to take her strip-tease talent on a tour of England, **Gypsy Rose Lee** obliged shipboard photographers with samples (see cut), called her sister **June (Affairs of State) Havoc** to get in on the bon voyage act for plugs all around.

After working with television for eleven months, **Eddie Cantor** admitted to *Variety* that he liked it, although it had some tricky moments: "Television is murder on the phony. Those brutal cameras, those revealing close-ups, are tougher than the Kefauver committee. TV exposes hypocrisy, insincerity, anything that's faked and dishonest. That television screen in the living room tells you more about a man's insides than the X-ray machine in a doctor's office. When you've been tested in television's tube, mister, you've had it."

After waiting almost 18 months for his money, the Rome obstetrician who delivered **Ingrid Bergman's** son by **Roberto Rossellini** sued for \$4,000. In Manhattan, meanwhile, Ingrid's former husband **Dr. Peter Lindstrom** and their daughter **Jenny Ann**, who used to be called **Pia**, boarded the *Queen Mary* en route to Sweden, where Ingrid will have a chance to see her daughter for the first time since her great romance separated them.

Broadway Showman **Billy Rose** found himself co-starred with unwanted billing in an impromptu extravaganza featuring a part-time pal, blonde Actress **Joyce Mathews**, twice married to No. 1 Tele-



JENNY ANN LINDSTROM & FATHER

Bills, reunions, monasticism, swinging doors, plugs.



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vision Comedian **Milton Berle** and twice divorced. The show opened when Manhattan cops answered a frantic call from Rose. Joyce had locked herself in a bathroom of his luxurious private apartment over the Ziegfeld Theater. When the police arrived, Rose shrilled a few stage directions ("Don't tell any reporters about this! I want no publicity. It could ruin me! Please, no publicity."), then led the way to the barricaded bathroom, where police broke through the metal door and found Joyce. She was bleeding from both wrists which she had scratched with a double-edged razor blade. "Why did this have to happen to me?" Rose moaned. Then he remembered his wife, **Eleanor Holm**, onetime Olympic swimmer and Aquacade beauty. "Now is the time to have a wife," he muttered, and got on the telephone. Eleanor, a wife in need, arrived soon after Joyce had been taken away in



Associated Press

JOYCE MATHEWS
"I just love razor blades."

an ambulance; she pitched in, and did her best to help shield Rose from reporters and photographers. In the hospital, in no danger, Joyce was questioned by police. Why had she done it? Between puffs on a cigarette, she explained: "I just love razor blades."

After Ohio's author-farmer **Louis Bromfield** called Kentucky bluegrass a "noxious weed," Kentucky's Governor **Lawrence W. Wetherby** and a group of fellow bluegrass fans hopped a plane and headed for Bromfield's Malabar Farm near Mansfield to convert the heretic. First step: the gift of a sack of bluegrass seed. Further inducements: a case of Kentucky bourbon and a home-smoked ham.

The City Council of **Fredericksburg, Va.** decided that the new abbreviated street signs reading "Jeff Davis Boulevard" were both confusing and improper. People might think they meant **Hobbs King Jeff Davis** instead of Confederate President **Jefferson Davis**, the Council ruled. It ordered bigger signs to carry the full name "with all the dignity that great man deserves."



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MEDICINE

For VD: Vaccine

Penicillin and publicity can cut down syphilis in the U.S., but can they wipe it out? Concludes the A.M.A. *Journal*: probably not; what the country needs is a vaccine. So far, none in sight.

Eat the Pig

After years of doctoring New Zealand's native Maoris,* Dr. George M. Smith is convinced that in a good many ways they are healthier in mind and body than the *pakeha* (white man). But, says he, "The diets of both Maori and *pakeha* are deteriorating. It's this modern craze for vegetables and fruit. The old idea was to feed the fruit and vegetables to the pig and then eat the pig. Physiologically, I am sure, this was correct."

The Pigeons of Paris

People in Paris were coming down with something like parrot fever—but they had not caught it from parrots. Dr. Pierre Lépine, the Pasteur Institute's virus expert, spent two years tracking down the culprit. Last week he had it: the plump Parisian pigeon.

Fortunately, the disease was taking a far milder form than in Paris' big outbreak in 1892, when there were 16 deaths among 51 cases. Most recent victims thought they had nothing more serious than influenza; the only deaths have been among elderly invalids. Even so, Lépine's report fluttered the doves of the Ministry of Health.

Lépine told the ministry there was only one thing to do: reduce the number of pigeons. This, said he, would be better for both the people and the monuments of Paris. But he had reckoned without the pigeon lovers. The ministry began to get threatening letters. Said Lépine sadly: "There are some who would rather see men die than pigeons."

Where the Blue Begins

*I'm in love with you, Camp Sweeney,
For your deeds so true;
Perseverance, faith and courage
Help our tests stay blue.*

The 79 youngsters who shrilled this paean were singing about urinalysis. In their camp for diabetic kids (6 to 18) near Gainesville, Texas, every one of them knows that when the test turns out blue, it means no sugar in their urine; red is bad.

Most of the kids, like ten-year-old Patsy Byrnes, have been taught to make their own tests and give themselves insulin shots. One morning last week she woke as usual at 6:45, padded down her dormitory

to the lab. There she made a sugar test of her urine, screwed up her freckled face in a grimace as the reagent turned brick red—four plus. She fished a needle from the sterilizer, carefully measured out 26 units of insulin, and expertly injected it into her thigh.

Then she went to breakfast: corn flakes, scrambled eggs and bacon, buttered toast and milk. But she used saccharin instead of sugar on her corn flakes, and every item had been weighed to the gram, to match the diet calculated for her by doctors.

After breakfast, Patsy went for a 45-minute ride on a pony named Dixie. Next, there should have been a swim, but Patsy had fallen and skinned her knee while square-dancing, so she went to the archery



PATSY BYRNES
A carrot at bedtime.

court instead. Before lunch, Patsy made another urinalysis (still red) and went in for another measured meal of meat & potatoes, asparagus, corn muffins, salad and apricot whip.

Between an afternoon nap and lights-out at 9, Patsy played more games, took part in the junior campers' show, acting out *Jack Be Nimble*, made two more urinalyses. The last was still positive, so for a bedtime snack she only got a carrot; if her test had been blue, she could have had cookies and milk.

Among the campers at Sweeney, Patsy Byrnes' diabetes, which flares up easily, is about average. More fortunate youngsters are able to cut down their insulin dosage early in the three-month camping season or even cut it out entirely. Nearly all of them are vastly improved long before the end of the season.

Dr. James Shirley Sweeney, 54, a specialist in metabolic disorders, started the camp two years ago to help diabetic chil-

* The Maoris, once supposed to be on their way to extinction, have doubled their numbers (from 30,000 to 100,000) in 30 years.

† Psittacosis, so called because the disease was first detected in parrots. Now regarded as a form of ornithosis (bird disease), to which many birds are subject.



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dren get over their introversion and shyness. Children with the same ailment tend to help each other as well as themselves. The camp has 400 acres, with 24-bunk dormitories, a lake and a boathouse.

Says Dr. Sweeney, who shuttles between a Gainesville hospital and the camp: "I wish we could have a thousand of those kids here."

Jungle Yellow Jack

The Indians of Panama used to say: "When the monkeys die, the men will vomit black"—and die themselves, of yellow fever. Then came Gorgas and Goe-thals, and for 40 years the country seemed free of the scourge. Doctors believed that they had banished it entirely from the Americas; they scoffed at the Indian legend about the monkeys.

But all the time yellow jack was lurking in the jungles. The dread mosquito carriers spread yellow fever from animal to animal, and from animals to the few men who ventured deep into the forests. The doctors and engineers who cleaned up the cities and labor camps of Panama never suppressed the guerrillas in the jungle.

Last week the Pan American Sanitary Bureau had to admit that the experts still do not know how to stamp out jungle yellow fever, though they are learning more & more about it. It is the same disease that Gorgas fought: only the carrier mosquito is different. The only way to check it is by vaccination. Any farmer, woodcutter or orchid hunter going to town for a weekend with the virus in his blood may start an epidemic among people who have not been inoculated.

This year Brazil alone has had more than 4,000 cases of yellow fever, 500 deaths. Across the Andes in Ecuador, supposedly free of the disease since 1929, there have been 60 cases, 25 deaths. Even Panama's record has been spoiled: seven deaths in about two years.

To learn more about the jungle carrier, sanitary experts have set up dozens of forest stations in Panama. There, well vaccinated Indians display themselves on outdoor platforms, invite mosquitoes to bite them and be trapped for science. Well paid by Panama standards (\$70 to \$90 a month), the Indians consider it nice work.

Mail Hormones

Testosterone, a male sex hormone, is a fine thing when properly used. But the Food & Drug Administration warned this week that testosterone, ignorantly used, can stimulate the growth of cancers. The FDA was delighted that federal courts have barred two Los Angeles firms from peddling hormones without prescription.

Men in their 40s and 50s are especially subject to cancer of the prostate. Yet men of that age, seeking sexual rejuvenation, are the very ones that fall for mail-order promoters. And misuse of testosterone may actually cause sterility.

Also under the court ban: sale of unprescribed female sex hormones (estrogens). Improperly used, said FDA, these may cause serious injury to women's reproductive organs.

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MUSIC

The Koblenz Idea

Plenty of European cities are luring tourists with serious music this summer, but Koblenz (pop.: 92,000) has a different idea. Koblenz offers a big pontoon stage on a quiet inlet of the Rhine, bleachers ashore for 3,000 spectators and snack bars plastered with Coca-Cola signs. It promotes itself as "The City of the Operetta Festival." The single operetta to be staged all this summer: a jazzed-up version of Johann Strauss the Younger's *A Thousand and One Nights*.

Koblenz keeps it largely a home-town

ing boat. As the star attraction, four water maidens push a water-borne platform on which a trim, silver-skirted ballerina does a lotus dance. The whole thing ends with singers diving off the stage into the river, and with blubbery "eunuchs" being tossed out of boats. The Rhine takes it all with hardly a murmur.

So far, the show has been selling out every night. The attitude of the Koblenz city fathers: let Edinburgh, Salzburg and Bayreuth have the heavy stuff. At the present rate, the City of the Operetta Festival can expect 100,000 customers by the end of summer.



Albert Kraskowsky

"A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS" ON THE RHINE
Let Edinburgh, Salzburg and Bayreuth have the heavy stuff.

production. The local Rhine Philharmonic, a 40-piece orchestra, is the musical backbone of the performance. Koblenz' young singers and budding ballerinas make up the cast of 200, and 40 strapping youngsters, male & female, of the Poseidon Swimming Club perform in the aquacade act. For the top roles, some talent had to be imported. Of one guest performer, a Koblenz official proudly reported: "Oh, he's first class. He sometimes even sings on the radio."

The basic idea seems to be that it doesn't matter what the boys do to Strauss so long as they keep it lively. The rotating stage is decked out with a gay jumble of pagodas and minarets, Arab palaces and Venetian gondola landings. Costumes flash across the stage with colorful irrelevance: sultans look like Dalai Lamas, girls in Balkan skirts wiggle through Egyptian belly dances, men gotten up as Chinese coolies chant Viennese versions of Moslem music.

The acts are as cheerfully muddled as the setting. The "spirit of Aladdin's lamp," a hefty chorine, turns Aladdin into a white spitz dog, which pops out of a pass-

Destiny Unknown

When he was 16, Vienna-born Arnold Schoenberg decided to become a professional musician. Nine years later, in 1899, he completed a string sextet, *Transfigured Night*, a melodic, romantic piece, which was to be one of his few works familiar to concertgoers. Critics applauded the newcomer.

From that time on, Schoenberg continued to attract attention, but it was increasingly of a different kind. He became the apostle of a musical-intellectual game which made him the most controversial innovator in 20th Century music.

New Harmonies. Where other composers were satisfied with the conventional scale of seven basic tones (*do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti*), Schoenberg insisted on discarding "key" and exploring the potential scale of twelve tones (*i.e.*, the full chromatic scale in an octave). The result hurt people's ears. "Just dissonance," they said, or, more simply, "Just noise." Schoenberg stuck to his guns, demanded the "emancipation of dissonance." Discords can become new harmonies, he said. He



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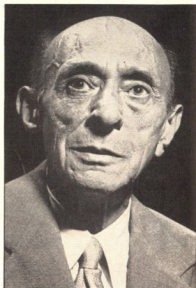
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found a few disciples. The best known: Alban Berg, composer of the twelve-tone opera *Wozzeck* (TIME, April 23). New music, Schoenberg insisted, "must be music which, though it is still music, differs in all essentials from previously composed music."

In 1933, he left Nazi Germany to continue his teaching and composing in the U.S. He was embittered by critics who ticked him off as merely a sideline experimenter. Once he wrote: "For years, instead of studying my scores and trying to find out who I am [critics have] tried to get rid of the problems I possibly might offer by stamping me with a trademark . . . Whatever I might have to present, good or bad, beautiful or ugly, soft or harsh, true or false, was of no concern."

"**It Must Be Heard.**" Schoenberg lived in the U.S. 18 years, eight of them as a member (1936-44) of U.C.L.A.'s music



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
COMPOSER SCHOENBERG
Seven plus five.

faculty. Here & there, pianists occasionally programmed Schoenberg music, vocalists sang his songs, orchestras and chamber groups performed his longer works, e.g., the symphonic poem *Pelleas and Melisande*, the melodrama *Pierrot Lunaire* and *Gurre-Lieder*, songs for voice and chamber orchestra. To all but his most devoted fans, the music still sounded harsh. But Schoenberg never once let up in his battle for his twelve-tone system.

Schoenberg's final place in music history may not be determined for a long time. Even he realized that. "I do not know my destiny," he once said, though he comforted himself with the idea that he might be ranked near the top one day.

One thing Composer Schoenberg felt he did know: eventually his music would be accepted. Said he: "It must be heard oftener." In Los Angeles last week, Arnold Schoenberg, 76, full of age and illness, left his music and his reputation in the hands of history.



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the *Toronto Globe and Mail*:

ARMED FORCES AGREE WOMEN NECESSARY

Correspondents at Bay

The newsmen covering the Korean war landed noisily on the front pages themselves last week, found it an uncomfortable feeling to be principals in the news, as well as its reporters. But their strange role brought a quick reward: General Ridgway skillfully used the issue they had raised to the full advantage of the western world (see WAR IN ASIA).

The trouble in the press corps began when correspondents, covering the U.N. negotiators' take-off for the preliminary Kaesong meeting, were barred from the

regard this information as so important that I will not abide by your censorship." The censor's ruling was reversed.

Into the free-for-all jumped Ridgway's new top information officer, Brigadier General Frank A. Allen. Though a good combat officer, Allen's record as a P.R.O. does not inspire confidence in war correspondents. As press chief for General Eisenhower during World War II, he was blamed for holding up news of the German offensive at the Battle of the Bulge. He also held up the news of the German surrender and war's end until the A.P.'s Ed Kennedy defied the ban and broke the story. Now, Allen assured the newsmen that the U.N. delegation would insist on press representation at Kaesong. Said he: "We hope for equal coverage with Tass men." Reporters in the room groaned.

Double Cross? Next day, General Ridgway himself jeaped over to try to talk to the newsmen. He explained that they could not go to Kaesong until the talks were really "on track." Meanwhile, the matter of press coverage had "high priority." But at the next briefing session, things were worse than ever. Army and Navy officers did such a bad job describing what had happened that it was plain neither had been at the second truce meeting. A few reporters, who had been drinking too much for their own good, hooted derisively. U.P. Correspondent Earnest Hoberecht angrily cried: "General Ridgway assured us that the briefing officers would attend the conferences. I say we've been double-crossed."

The correspondents argued that much more than mere journalistic vanity was at stake. The Reds were winning an important propaganda victory. The U.N. negotiators were coming back from the truce meetings so tired that they were not giving their information officers full, detailed stories of what had occurred. Instead of telling the free world what was happening, U.N. correspondents in Korea were being told by their Tokyo offices what was going on; Tokyo was getting it from Communist broadcasts. When one correspondent told that to General Allen, he replied: "But the Communist press isn't free. All it puts out are lies."

Finally the Army agreed to take five photographers to Kaesong, but ordered them to rip off their press shoulder patches so that they could pass as "photographers accredited to the U.S. Army." While a technically accurate description, correspondents thought this a clumsy subterfuge. At last General Allen made the announcement that 20 newsmen would be taken to the next meeting at Kaesong.

Payoff. When the Reds refused to let them in, thus breaking off the peace talks, many a newsmen had second thoughts. Some of those who had complained loudest at being excluded from Kaesong wanted no part of the responsibility for halting negotiations. They were ready to drop all attempts to go to Kaesong even though General Ridgway stood firm, even broad-



Joe Scherschel—UPI
BRIGADIER GENERAL ALLEN
From a foul-up, quick rewards.

helicopter area by a barbed-wire fence and armed guards. There was no press camp, no food, and information was scarce.

At the briefing session that night, an officer on Ridgway's information staff conceded that "conditions are not satisfactory to the press corps. . . . But the press was not [at Kaesong] because my orders were that they shouldn't be." The admission threw the press into an angry uproar. New York Times Correspondent George Barrett bellowed: "Who is responsible for this foul-up?" Then as Chief U.N. Representative Colonel Andrew J. Kinney confirmed that the Communist press was represented at Kaesong, the session broke into a tumult of charge and counter-charge. Why couldn't U.N. reporters go? When Kinney admitted that Kaesong was really a Communist-held city, an Army censor broke in to warn correspondents not to use the information. Snapped Chicago Daily Newsman Fred Sparks: "I



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ened his demands on the Reds. But at week's end, when the Reds gave in to General Ridgway, it was plain that the correspondents' stubborn stand had led to an important victory for U.N.

Union Labor Saver

The powerful, 90,000-member International Typographical Union last week announced that it will start a string of newspapers. Within a few months, said the I.T.U., it will start publishing daily tabloids in nine cities.* In each city the union has had trouble in recent strikes.

The purpose of the papers, says I.T.U. President Woodruff Randolph, is to "keep news free." But the I.T.U., which knows more about printing newspapers than editing them, really has its eye on another target. With costs rising, newspaper failures and mergers increasing, many an I.T.U. member has found himself frozen out of a job. Such labor-saving devices as typesetter machines (TIME, May 7) also worry I.T.U.; all the cities slated for the new dailies use typesetters.

If the I.T.U. hopes to make a success of its papers, it will have to do better than it has done in the past, when it lost an estimated \$2,000,000 setting up papers.

100 for Reuters

With the release of 100 homing pigeons from its London headquarters and a banquet for more than 1,000 notables, Reuters' news service last week celebrated its 100th anniversary. Since Founder Paul Julius Reuter started the service by using pigeons to carry financial news on the continent, Reuters has grown to be the world's second largest news service (biggest: Associated Press), with more than 3,200 newspaper clients and 2,000 staffers and stringers around the world.

In the early days of Reuters, the foreign correspondence of most newspapers consisted of letters sent by ship, so Reuters had no competition in Britain when it set up its own cable service. By the time Founder Reuter died in 1890, the London *Sun* proclaimed that "no daily newspaper could afford to dispense with Reuters' service . . ."

Mouthpiece of Empire. Despite its reputation, Reuters soon slid into poor financial shape, as cable companies had captured most of its profitable private cable business. Long a mouthpiece of the British Empire, it was glad during World War I to take subsidies from the British government to spread propaganda, and Sir Roderick Jones, Reuters' chief and its biggest stockholder, was happy to double for a time as British Director of Propaganda. Reuters' reputation as the "official" government news service soon became an added handicap, and by 1926, Sir Roderick was forced to sell a controlling interest in the agency to Britain's provincial papers. Its troubles increased as A.P. Boss Kent Cooper expanded his in-

* Texarkana, Ark., Allentown, Pa., Monroe, La., Springfield, Mo., Meriden, Conn., Lorain, Ohio, and in Huntington, Beckley and Charleston, W. Va.



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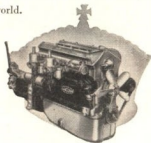
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ternational service and broke up the cartel run by "Reuters Rex," Havas (the French agency) and Wolff (German), which had divided up the world.

Reuters' financial difficulties continued until 1941, when the London press bought in, turned the agency into a cooperative (like the A.P.), which now includes papers in India, Australia and New Zealand. Sir Roderick Jones was replaced by Christopher Chancellor, who had been chief correspondent and general manager in the Far East. He cleaned out the deadwood, pepped up Reuters' flat and often long-winded copy, determinedly turned Reuters away from its old reputation as a voice of the Empire, was knighted for the job. In ten years, Sir Christopher, now 47 and his editor, Walton Cole, 38, have



REUTERS' CHANCELLOR & COLE
Pigeons hatched an institution.

tripled the total of correspondents and revenues (to \$7,000,000).

U.S. Invasion. During World War II, they shrewdly used their coverage of remote Far Eastern news spots to invade the U.S. (Reuters is much cheaper in the U.S. than the big U.S. services). Now Reuters services 35 dailies, including the *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor* and the Anglophobe *Chicago Tribune*, which carefully scanned Reuters' file first to make sure there was no British bias. But many U.S. newsmen still do not consider Reuters anywhere near as valuable as A.P. or the United Press, and often U.S. newspapers use Reuters largely to backstop their other wire services. Last week, at its centenary dinner, standing with Prime Minister Attlee and Sir Christopher Chancellor, an American proposed the principal toast. Said he: "I call upon my fellow guests . . . to join with me in toasting a very great institution . . . I give you the toast of REUTERS!" The American was A.P. Executive Director Kent Cooper, once the most outspoken critic of Reuters' old ways.

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Million-Dollar Horse

Citation knew he was going to race that day. He failed to get the usual hay in his late morning feeding. Said Groom Dan Barnette: "He squealed and reared up in his stall just like a kid after being told he's going to his first circus." It was a good sign. Citation was ready to run for the \$100,000 Hollywood Gold Cup at Inglewood, Calif.

With half a mile to go in the mile-and-a-quarter race, the mahogany-colored stallion took the lead. Under Jockey Steve Brooks's gentle urging ("I waved the stick at him to shake him up a little"), Citation lengthened his stride and drew away from the field. He won by a breezing four lengths, thanks, in part, to a break in the weights which made Citation carry only 120 lbs, while third-place Be Fleet toted 122. It was like the old days. But this victory, Big Cy's 32nd in 45 starts, was something special. It brought Citation's total earnings for Calumet Farm to \$1,085,760,* made him the first million-dollar horse.

Almost lost in the uproar over Big Cy's victory was the fact that his stablemate Bewitch collected \$20,000 for finishing second, and gave Calumet Farm the double distinction of also owning the greatest money-winning mare of all time. Bewitch's lifetime earnings: \$462,605.

Trainer Jimmy Jones figured that Citation, now six, might have a few more races left in him before he retires to stud: "I'm going to see how he feels and then I'll know whether we'll run him again. He's in good shape; there's no reason why he shouldn't run a few times more." But Jones does not expect Citation to win another million.

Sugar's Lumps

World Middleweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson had fought six fights in six weeks, gadded about Paris and made innumerable personal appearances (TIME, June 11 *et seq.*). His wife Edna Mae was uneasy about him: "Sugar's tired. He's overtrained and overfought." Meanwhile, Britain's Middleweight Champion Randy Turpin, on the eve of the fight of his life, made a soberly restrained prediction: "I think I have a chance." Nevertheless, the odds were 3-1 on Sugar Ray when the men climbed into the ring at Earl's Court in London last week.

Turpin crowded the champion from the opening bell, getting the better of the infighting, jabbing and hooking to keep Robinson constantly off balance. Not until Round Three did Robinson land a solid punch, a bolo left to the jaw. "Get him, Sugar! Get him, Sugar!" shrielled Edna Mae. But 31-year-old Sugar Ray could not get going. His timing was off,

his punches were missing the target, his ballet footwork was out of rhythm. In a seventh-round clinch, Turpin butted an ugly gash over Robinson's left eye. At the sight of blood, the crowd sensed an upset and howled for it. Edna Mae changed her line. "You can do it, Sugar! You can do it!"

Disappearing Dynamite. Sugar tried. In Rounds Nine and Eleven he banged Turpin around, but there was no stopping power in the punches. Muttered a British sportswriter: "I still haven't seen any of that dynamite I've been writing about." By Round Twelve, it was obvious that only a lucky knockout punch could save Robinson's title. Cried Edna Mae: "Hold on, Sugar! Hold on!" By Round 15, Turpin was pummeling the tired cham-

bigger and better in consequence . . . Europe had risen from the gutter and thrashed the Prince of the Dollar Empire . . . Morale rises . . . Even the Government becomes our Government and can be sure of re-election on such a morning after."

The *Daily Mirror's* "hokum" crack was a reference to Robinson's training quarters at Windsor's Star and Garter Hotel, where thousands of curious Britons, acting for all the world like U.S. bobby-soxers, craned and crowded for a glimpse of Robinson and his flamboyant 14-man entourage or a peek at the gaudy fuchsia convertible* parked outside. Turpin, 23, son of a British Guianan and a white British mother, trained in the placid remoteness of Grwyth Castle in North Wales.

Home-Town Hero. After the fight, Britons staged a mannerly mob scene for their new champion. Leamington, a quiet



ROBINSON TAKING A TURPIN LEFT TO THE BODY
Edna Mae changed her line.

pion almost at will. "Don't let him hit you!" screamed Edna Mae. "Take care of yourself!" The uproarious crowd began chanting "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" before the referee even raised the winner's hand. Turpin had soundly trounced the champ who had lost only once before* in 126 professional fights.

The British press, glumly conditioned to watching U.S. boxers flatten Britain's best, crowed with delight. Bragged the *Daily Mirror*: "Turpin became world champion without any of the hokum that Americans have used to bedazzle and bamboozle their opponents before the fight." London's anti-American, middlebrow *New Statesman* and *Nation* felt a primitive thrill: "The local boy from Leamington Spa became the giant-killer and we all felt

resort town once favored by retired Colonel Blimps, turned out 15,000 strong to line the parade route for homecoming Hero Turpin.

It was boxing's biggest upset since 1936, when Max Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis. Louis got his chance for revenge, and battered the agonized, screaming Schmeling to the canvas in the first round. Robinson, who offered no excuses ("In boxing, you win some and lose some"), will also get a return match, tentatively set for New York in September. Said his sister with a shudder: "I don't think I even want to see that fight. Ray will murder him."

* Citation's closest present-day competitor: Sycamore, now retired after earning \$913,483. Man o' War, who raced in the days when neither purses nor dollars were so inflated, earned \$249,465.

* To Jake LaMotta, whom Robinson later beat five times.

* Remarkable one Briton: "I hear Cadillac has agreed never to paint another like that." His friend, after a thoughtful pause: "No, really? But still, I shouldn't think there'd be many chaps who'd want that color."



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Big Week

At baseball's midseason mark last week, the big news was the resurgent Boston Red Sox. Moving in against the first-place Chicago White Sox for a four-game series, the Red Sox needed to win three to take the league lead. They did, but only after playing one of the longest, most exciting marathons in baseball history.

Some 50,000 fans sat on the edge of their seats for the first game, which the Red Sox finally won, after staving off Chicago's two-run rally in the ninth inning. Clyde Vollmer, the least celebrated member of Boston's all-star outfield, won the game with a seventh-inning home run. Score: 3-2. The second game was even tighter. At the end of nine innings the score was 4-4. Not until the 17th inning, the longest night game in American League history, did the Red Sox win, 5-4. The man who drove in the winning run: Clyde Vollmer.

Next week the incredible happened: after 18 innings, around 1 a.m., the score was still tied, 2-2. In the first half of the 19th, the Red Sox scored two runs. But the White Sox came storming back with three and won the game, 5-4. It had taken the teams a record 36 innings to settle two successive games.* After that glorious comeback, the limp Chicago fans expected their heroes to sweep the fourth game for an even break. The White Sox led, 2-1, going into the ninth, but lost, 3-2. The buster-upper: Clyde Vollmer. It was the sixth time in seven games that he had knocked in the winning run.

The Red Sox, pre-season pennant favorites with the majority of baseball writers, were finally beginning to act as advertised. Vollmer's sensational spree was not the whole story: the Red Sox have power to spare with Williams, Vern Stephens, and Billy Goodman, the league batting champion. The team is better off this year in "bench" (i.e., reserve) infield strength supplied by Lou Boudreau, deposed Cleveland manager. Day after day, playing where he is needed most, Boudreau has sparked the Red Sox at bat and afield.

Said Manager Steve O'Neill after the tight Chicago series: "The whole team has that desire to win and they're hustling and fighting all the way. They feel they belong on top—and that's where they hope to stay."

In the Shadow

Harry Heilmann was a tall, husky man (6 ft., 195 lbs.), an outfielder (mainly for Detroit) who spent 13 years in the major leagues cowing opposing pitchers. He won the American League batting championship four times, one season hit .403. His lifetime average was .342, a mark bettered by only six other players.†

* Previous record: 33 innings, by the N.Y. Yankees, against the Chicago White Sox and Cleveland Indians, in 1918.

† Ty Cobb (.367), Rogers Hornsby (.358), Dan Brouthers (.348), Ed Delahanty (.346), Willie Keeler (.345), Tris Speaker (.344). Babe Ruth and Jess Burkett also hit .342.



HARRY HEILMANN (1920)
Lesser men made it.

When his big-league days were over in 1932, Heilmann made a new career as a sports announcer on Detroit radio stations. But his great ambition, election to baseball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., always eluded him. Lesser men made it; Heilmann's misfortune was that he had played in the shadow of such titans as Tris Speaker, Rogers Hornsby, Babe Ruth and Harry's own teammate, Ty Cobb.

Recently, hearing that Heilmann was seriously ill, Cobb wrote to several of his baseball-writer friends, urging them not to bypass Harry in this year's selections. Last week New York Times Columnist Arthur Daley printed part of Cobb's letter, agreed that Heilmann's election was long overdue. The appeal came too late. At last week's All-Star game in Detroit, 50,000 fans stood and observed a moment of silence. The day before, Harry Heilmann, 56, had died of cancer in Detroit.

Man Overboard

The racing sloop *L'Apache*, a 73-footer, was running in second place in one of the world's longest yacht races—from Los Angeles harbor to Honolulu. At dawn one day last week, *L'Apache's* boom tackle broke. It had to be repaired under way, with 8-ft. seas running. Precious time was wasting. Crewman Ted Sierks, 40, an ex-Marine and photographer, was braced against the rail, trying to get the fractious boom under control. The rail broke and Sierks slid into the sea.

A life ring with knife and flashlight attached was thrown to him, but before the crippled *L'Apache* could come about and work back to the spot, Sierks was out of sight in the vastness of the Pacific. Six nearby yachts converged on the area when they heard *L'Apache's* radio the shocking message: "Man overboard!" From Honolulu, 800 miles away, the Navy sent ships to the manhunt: an escort carrier, four destroyers, three destroyer escorts. An air-



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rescue B-17 droned out from the Army's Hickam Field to join in the search.

Sierks, gripping the life ring, found himself in one of the most appallingly lonely spots a man could imagine. He soon gave up hope, but found that he could not give up trying: "It's hard to drown when you know how to swim." That first day, sharks pestered him. He killed one: "I grabbed his tail, flipped him over and ripped up the belly with my knife." He had plenty of time to think. "I thought about how I was messing up the race for a lot of people. I thought about the time I had wasted in my life." At sunrise the next morning, the sharks came back.

Aboard the destroyer escort *Douglas A. Munro* the captain pledged a \$50 reward for the first man to spot Sierks. The Navy, which knows how long a man can last in the open sea, ordered the search ended at 2 p.m. At 1:15 two seamen sighted a bobbing blond head, lost it, then picked it up again.

Sierks' ordeal had lasted 30 hours and 15 minutes. He would not soon forget it. Said he: "Now that I've been rescued, I figure there must have been a reason. There must be something for me to do. I'll have to try and find out what it is."

Who Won

Q New York Yankee Pitcher Allie Reynolds, in the third no-hitter of the season, over the Cleveland Indians, 1-0, on Gene Woodling's seventh-inning home run; in Cleveland. The losing pitcher: Bob Feller, who had turned the trick himself (for the third time) a fortnight before.

Q The underdog National League team, the All-Star game, with four home runs, over the American League, 8-3; in Detroit.

Q British Miller Roger Bannister, Britain's Amateur Athletic Association champion, with his best time ever, and best in the world this year: 4:07.8; in London.

Q Heavyweight Rocky Marciano, his 36th straight victory, over clumsy Rex Layne, with a crushing sixth-round knockout; in New York. Marciano's showing put him in line to take on the winner of September's heavyweight championship fight between Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis.

Q Tony Trabert, the National clay court tennis title, in an upset over U.S. Champion Art Larsen, 6-8, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3, 8-6; in Chicago.

Q Victor Seixas, the Spring Lake Invitation tennis tournament, over Bill Talbert, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3; in Spring Lake, N.J.

Q The U.S. yacht *Malabar XIII*, the 4,400-mi. international race from Havana to San Sebastian, Spain; in 28 days, arriving 48 hours ahead of its nearest rival.

Q Palestinian, the \$57,100 Brooklyn Handicap, one of U.S. racing's oldest stakes (first running: 1887), over Shellas Reward, by a length; in New York.

Q David Stanley of Los Angeles, the national public links golf championship, over Ralph Vranesic of Denver, 1 up on the 38th hole; in Milwaukee.

Q Stella Walsh, 40, her own national pentathlon title, with a record 1,932 points; in Berkeley, Calif.

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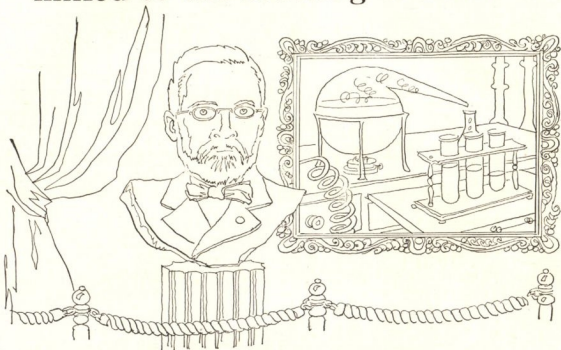
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Q What famed scientist is closely linked to the brewing of beer?



A Louis Pasteur, who evolved “pasteurization” through observing the action of yeast.

In 1876 Louis Pasteur published a scientific treatise entitled “Studies on Beer.” In it he described a very important discovery he had made—that fermentation is caused by tiny, single-celled plants called yeast.

Pasteur’s efforts to find a means of controlling these yeast organisms led to the discovery of the process we now call “pasteurization.”

More about the historical, economic and social role of beer is presented in the book, “Beer and Brewing in America.” For a free copy, write to the United States Brewers Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



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THE THEATER

Disenchanted Evening

On records and on paper, a Paris Opéra basso, Roger Rico, seemed a natural to enter Broadway's *South Pacific* in the role that the Met's Ezio Pinza* created two years ago. After listening to his records and noting that he would be the first real Frenchman to play the hit musical's French planter, Co-Producers Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II sent for Rico, auditioned and hired him.

Rico's seven weeks of rehearsal posed a special problem: he speaks no English. Patiently, with the help of a wire recorder, he learned his lines phonetically while studying a French translation to learn



Alfredo Valente

MARTHA WRIGHT & ROGER RICO
With the help of a wire recorder.

what they meant. Last week, when the time came for Rico to begin his 15-month contract run in the show, Manhattan reviewers were invited to the debut.

While admiring his voice, the critics greeted Rico's performance with a polite calm that none seemed able to maintain in the hot flush of first seeing *South Pacific*. The New York Times noted, half apologetically, that Rico, at 41, seemed a bit young for the middle-aged role, and that he had "a tendency to overaccentuate his facial expressions." Struggling tensely with his phonetic English, he projected no notable charm or sex appeal. Above all, he lacked the support of Pinza's co-star, Mary Martin, whose place has been taken, but not exactly filled, by Martha Wright.

At week's end, however, even with the second team playing, *South Pacific*'s standees were still turning up as regularly as its cast, and the end of its phenomenal popularity seemed nowhere in sight.

* For news of Pinza's latest role, see CINEMA.



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A lot of new factories are going out into the country, these days—away from the congested cities. They're going out where plants can sprawl economically over many acres instead of rising expensively up into multi-story construction. They're going out where employees like to work. They're going out, incidentally, where "security is served." Out (I hope) somewhere along the B&O.

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His mother wondered why Johnny never realizing that

The doctor's checkup prompt treatment made Johnny

It is so difficult to know when a small child is really sick.

In Johnny's case his mother noticed that he was unusually quiet. She thought he was still getting over his recent sore throat. But then she became aware of his lack of interest in his toys—even his favorites. He tired easily, was often cranky and sometimes complained of a stomach-ache and pains in his knees.

Symptoms like these occur in many different childhood diseases. Finally Johnny's mother became worried and she took him to the family doctor for a check-up. After a thorough examination the doctor told her that Johnny had rheumatic fever... the disease that cripples more children than polio and all other diseases combined.

Though it may attack at any age, rheumatic fever most often strikes between the fourth and fifteenth year. It may come quietly, with a variety of minor complaints, but often it leaves its victims with a heart impairment difficult to overcome.

Don't take chances

Never waste precious time when your child seems to be ill. Don't try to guess what ails the child and don't take the advice of a well-meaning neighbor. When you notice persistent signs, take your child to the doctor—it will cost you less in the long run.

Recent discoveries and developments in hormone drug therapy have given today's physician a completely new outlook

Physiologic Therapeutics Through Bioresearch For Longer Useful Living





wouldn't play

he was seriously ill

found the cause and
a healthy, happy boy again

on the treatment of rheumatic fever. For example, doctors have found that the use of these new hormones in treating children often results in amazing over-all relief—may even prevent crippling damage to the heart, if used in time. Today, many children who have rheumatic fever can hope for normal lives free of pain.

Do the sensible thing

If something seems to be wrong, make an appointment today to take your child to the doctor. Let him look the child over, make simple tests, if necessary—tell you what to do to keep your child healthy. He can put your mind at ease, guard your family's health—IF you let him.

Let the doctor decide

Today, all of medicine's amazing recent discoveries in diagnostic procedures, treatment and new drugs are at your doctor's command.

The Armour Laboratories is proud of its share in the development of many of these drugs. ACTHAR (A.C.T.H.-Armour), one of the most effective of these new hormone drugs, represents the results of many years of research by Armour scientists collaborating with leading investigators in the field of medicine. ACTHAR is available to you through your doctor. He may, or may not, find you need it. But you'll feel better, stay better, if you let him decide. See your doctor regularly.

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© The National Gallery, London
HOGARTH'S "THE PAINTER AND HIS PUG"
Easy in oils.

Mere Cartoonist?

London was staging a show of Hogarth's last week that would have pleased the old 18th Century painter-engraver pink. Instead of featuring the satiric, story-telling picture series (*Harlot's Progress*, *Rake's Progress*, *Marriage à la Mode*, etc.) which made him famous in his lifetime, the show was crammed with the portraits of prominent folk and the sprawling historical canvases which Hogarth himself considered his finest and most important work.

The cross William Hogarth had to bear was that he simply did not impress his contemporaries as a serious painter. His colors were too fresh, his draftsmanship too free & easy, his characterizations too blunt and unflattering. When he held auctions of his oils in 1745 and 1751, the paintings he liked best were laughed at. Even the oil originals of some of his most popular engravings sold for little more than the price of their frames. Finally, in disgust and despair, he took down the shingle of his trade from his London

ART

house and retired to the country. He wrote in discouragement: "Time only can decide whether I was the best or the worst face painter of my day."

Last week's show supported a conclusion that time and later critics reached long ago: besides being one of the most biting social satirists and moralists who ever etched an engraving, Hogarth at his best could paint circles around most of his contemporaries. His portrait of Captain Thomas Coram, philanthropist-founder of London's Foundling Hospital, displays a British humor and humanity that Hogarth's two famous 18th Century successors, Gainsborough and Reynolds, too often sacrificed for a slick and fawning elegance. His *March of the Guards Towards Scotland*, an action-filled canvas of the departure of George II's soldiers to put down Bonnie Prince Charlie's Highlands uprising of 1745, is ironic Hogarth realism at its sharpest. Hogarth's most famous oil, *The Shrimp Girl*, is missing from the show, but a gently smiling Mrs. Salter and the portrait of Hogarth's niece, Mary Lewis, have much of the same spontaneous, light-brushed charm. In his self-portrait, *The Painter and His Pug*, Hogarth seems to have made a gentle joke at his own expense, played up the resemblance between man and dog.

It was the first big Hogarth exhibition in London in more than 100 years. Nobody in Britain seemed able to explain the long oversight for sure. Roland Beckett, art historian and Hogarth expert, suspected it was the old trouble: "People think of him as a mere cartoonist."

700,000 Artists

ECA officials in Paris last week proudly displayed the winners in the biggest painting contest of the season. The competing artists: 700,000 European schoolchildren, aiming for \$4,000 of ECA prize money. Theme: "The free peoples work together for a better life."



Jim Walton-ECA
LUTTENBERGER'S PRIZEWINNER
Happy in gouache.

The youngsters, responding in numbers beyond the fondest hopes of ECA, worked out the theme in oils, watercolor and gouache. Some of the subjects: builders reconstructing homes and churches, porters unloading ships and trains, farmers planting their fields with U.S. grain. In successive judgments, the original entries were cut to 1,500, then to 300.

Winner of the first prize (\$750) in the 12- to 16 age group was an Austrian boy named Franz Luttenberger, who did a happy gouache of his village. The other top prize went to a six-year-old French boy, Alain Cardot (4- to 11 class) for a spirited splash of workmen clambering over a half-built house. Alain was in seventh heaven. He lives in a cramped Paris tenement with his father, who is a pensioned French Resistance veteran, his mother and a sister. Said Alain: "Now, mama, I will buy you a bigger house."

ECA officials are planning to send the show on a tour of European capitals. Said one of them: "Frankly, we didn't expect anything this good."

GREEN PASTURES & STILL WATERS

All painting has eye appeal, and most of it can be lived with. The art of architects and of landscape architects is more fundamental: it is meant to be lived in. One of the top artists America has produced, Frederick Law Olmsted, worked entirely with hills and hollows, trees and grass. He designed fine parks for Boston, Detroit, San Francisco and Chicago, made Manhattan's Central Park his masterpiece.

Plans for Central Park were laid just a century ago. Olmsted spent most of the rest of his life making the dream come true. His aim was "to complement . . . the beauty of the town [with] the beauty of the fields, the meadow, the prairie, of the green pastures and still waters." It was not easy. The region chosen for the park was an unsightly swamp laced with bald rock ridges and pimpled with squatters' shacks. To see it whole and make it new required optimism and an unwavering mind's eye.

Trained in the British tradition of landscape architecture, Olmsted designed Central Park for scenic richness and relaxation. He used its rocks as a kind of underpainting for his composition,

and green verdure as a final glaze. He divided it with lakes and streams, wove it together with curving paths and driveways, pointed up its natural loveliness with small, well-placed buildings designed by Calvert Vaux, an English architect.

Olmsted foresaw that the "town" would soon surround his creation, installed four cross-park driveways. A touch of inspiration led him to sink the driveways below ground-level and thus preserve the park's visual harmony. Fighting off the people who wanted to embellish the park with opera houses, race tracks, cathedrals and fire stations was more difficult but almost as successful. Today, the one notable encroacher on the park's priceless real estate is the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Central Park is used and enjoyed each year by some 30 million people—dowagers walking their dogs, prizefighters doing their morning road work, oldsters drowsing in the sun, people of all ages making love in the shade, kids playing cowboys and Indians, nursemaids plying the baby-carriage trade. It is a huge, beautiful backyard for Manhattan's harried hive-dwellers.



CENTRAL PARK (West Side view) is an 840-acre plot of gentle countryside framed by Manhattan's jagged skyscrapers.

Frank Lerner



IN THE RAMBLE, between the East and West Drives, the rush and push of the city vanish like a mixed-up dream.



Frank Lerner

THE MALL, arrowing past statues of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott, points to Central Park's 19th Century "castle."

THE LAKE (downtown view) is a rendezvous for sailors on leave, small-fry fishermen and fathers in need of exercise.

John T. McCullough



EDUCATION

Planned Babel

Monterey, a pleasant, picturesque seafaring town 125 miles down the California coast from San Francisco, includes among its 16,000 population two notable linguistic groups: the sardine fishermen, who speak Portuguese, and the U.S. Army and Air Force men, who speak in many tongues—Russian, Arabic, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Chinese (both Cantonese and Mandarin), Japanese, Korean, Albanian, Bulgarian, Czech, Persian, Hungarian, Rumanian, Greek, Polish, Turkish, Serbo-Croatian, Danish, Norwegian and Swedish. Last week 100 new officers and men arrived in town. Within eleven months, most of them will also be speaking new languages with rapid-fire fluency.

For ten years, the Army Language School has been preparing corporals, captains, and colonels alike for jobs as interpreters, attachés and occupation officials. The school began with only 60 students and one language (Japanese), but grew until it now has an enrollment of 933, a curriculum of 24 languages, and a faculty of 310.

Portuguese Eisenhower. Its methods are far removed from ordinary U.S. language teaching. "The one word I object to around here," says Colonel Charles Barnwell, the C.O., "is grammar. We don't burden the student with masses of rules and exceptions. Our big ambition is to make a man speak and understand." The speaking begins right in the first class. "Are you a student?" a Danish instructor will demand. "Ja, jeg er elev." [Yes, I am a student], the class must learn to answer. "Is he a student?" asks the instructor. "Ja, han er ogsaa." A class may consist of only one student, is never larger than eight. The men average 30 hours in class and 15 at outside study a week.

At first, students are not bothered with spelling; most of their homework is with phonograph records, and the textbooks they do use are spelled phonetically. Gradually, after weeks of listening to long lists of recorded words and phrases, students begin to read, starting with simple cartoon captions and working up to newspapers and regular books. Meanwhile in class and mess hall, they converse constantly, act out skits (e.g., parachuting into enemy territory), see movies with foreign languages dubbed in (among them: *The True Glory*, with General Dwight D. Eisenhower speaking a rippling, dubbed-in Portuguese). Finally, near the end of the course, students cut their way through a jungle of diplomatic, technical and military terms, until such formidable words as *protivotankovoe ruzhie* (Russian for anti-tank rifle) come tripping off the tongue.

Original Goethe. The school's faculty are all civilians, but not all trained teachers. One Czech instructor was a judge in Prague; a Russian was the son of a czarist general; a Rumanian D.P. was a stock



Peter Breinig

CLASSROOM SKIT AT ARMY LANGUAGE SCHOOL.
Quick as you could say *protivotankovoe ruzhie*.

boy in a Detroit department store. But in their own lands, many were noted scholars; they have come to the school via concentration camps, from jobs as elevator men and lemon pickers, and in some cases from U.S. university faculties. To make sure they keep in touch with student problems, all teachers must put in time on an unfamiliar language.

Under Colonel Barnwell, an Army regular (who speaks nothing but English), the school bears little resemblance to the usual Army post. "It is a college," says the colonel, "not a guardhouse." There is little saluting or parading, and no required study hours. But in ten years, the school has turned out 2,995 able linguists, now scattered all over the world, speaking the

local language without the hindrance of interpreters, and able to read Pushkin, Balzac, Goethe or Sun Tzu in the original. Says Colonel Barnwell: "If the U.S. had only had a school like this 40 years ago, who knows how many messes we could have avoided?"

Scholarships for Adventure

In Paris one night last week, President Vincent Auriol of France sat down to a banquet of *bœuf bouquetière* in honor of a special group of guests: 41 French schoolboys who had some tales to tell. A few months before, each boy had set out on a solitary journey of thousands of miles with about \$45 for the whole trip. For these winners of France's oddest scholarships, dinner with M. Auriol was just one in a long series of adventures.

Road to Riches. The idea for the scholarships was born more than 45 years ago, in the mind of Jean Walter, a struggling young architect with a passion for travel. Each summer Walter would set out alone on a trip with enough money to get him far away from home, never enough to get him back. When his cash ran out, Walter was forced to learn to live by his industry and wits. He traveled in nine countries, worked as a farmhand, dishwasher, errand boy.

One day in French Morocco, Walter saw something that changed his whole life: traces of lead ore, which he recognized because he had seen the same ore around a big mine near Joplin, Mo., U.S.A. Against the advice of experts, Walter decided to start the Zeldija mine at the site. Within a few years he was getting rich.

He became a multimillionaire, with interests in big plantations in Morocco, a fine mansion in Paris. But Magnate Walter never forgot how he hit his first jackpot. In 1938, he decided to set up his special scholarships so that other boys might learn to get around and keep their eyes



Robert Capa—Magnum

MAGNATE WALTER
Lesson in Reno: man shoots wife.

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open. Since then, he has sent 950 boys on journeys of adventure—always with just enough money to get far away from home.

Riding the Rods. Last week, this year's crop of winners had plenty to report. They had covered nine different countries, had slept in haylofts, ridden the rods, done everything but beg, borrow or steal to get along. One boy had thumbed his way to Sweden to study cellulose factories, had earned his bread by singing in the igns along the way.

Some boys got as far as the U.S. One worked his way across the Atlantic as a paint boy on a ship, traveled from New Orleans to Chicago, returned with a manuscript for a full-length book. Another boy cycled from Ontario to California, making his way by giving radio interviews. He was attacked by a bull, side-swiped by a car; he witnessed eight automobile accidents and saw a man shoot his wife in the streets of Reno.

Says Jean Walter, now 68: "In my own travels, I was able to contrast the different types of architecture, and that brought me success in my building projects. I was able to study different methods of farming, and that helped me improve my colonial plantations. I was able to study mining methods, and that brought me success in Zellidja. The boys will do likewise."

The Wall Can Be Too High

Ever since the U.S. Supreme Court's decision in Illinois' famed McCollum case (TIME, Sept. 24, 1945), states and cities with "released-time" programs have been faced with a worrisome question: Can religious instruction for public-school children ever be legal? Last week the New York state court of appeals gave an answer: yes.

The decision grew out of a suit brought by two Brooklyn parents who charged that New York City's released-time program (in operation since 1941) was a clear violation of the principle of separation of church & state. In a 6-to-1 decision, New York's highest court declared that it was not. The program in New York, said the court, was nothing like that of Champaign, Ill., which the Supreme Court had declared unconstitutional in the McCollum case. In Champaign, religious instruction took place on school property, thus got some support from public funds. In New York City, this is not so; the children are merely dismissed an hour early, one day a week, if the parents want them to have religious teaching elsewhere.

"It is manifest," said the court, "that the McCollum case is not a holding that all released-time programs are *per se* unconstitutional. . . . The Constitution does not demand that every friendly gesture between church and state shall be discontinued. The so-called 'wall of separation' may be built so high and so broad as to impair both state and church. . . . It must also be remembered that the First Amendment not only forbids laws 'respecting an establishment of religion,' but also laws 'prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' We must not destroy one in an effort to preserve the other."

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P.M.



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Notes 25% Gain In Sales Volume! Restaurant Owner Praises Frigidaire Air Conditioner

PROSPECT HEIGHTS, ILL.—"Frigidaire's 'Refrigeration Security' analysis actually sold me on air conditioning," says Louis Neuendorf, owner of The Lunch Bar, 374 N. Elmhurst Road. "I could hardly believe the estimated increase in sales that my Frigidaire Dealer, Rhodes Refrigeration, Prospect Heights, predicted I would get. But now I've found that his estimate was really conservative. Frigidaire Air Conditioning has not only brought sales way up, but has reduced spoilage of meats and salads, and increased employee efficiency."



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Secret Longings

"Dear Art Baker," said a letter addressed to the M.C. of television's *You Asked for It*. "I would like to have my son Gary shoot a television set on your show. Perhaps you think this is a strange request..."

Inured to stranger ones, Art Baker and his staff of 8 scarcely gave it a second thought. In their six months of operating *You Asked for It* (broadcast from Los Angeles' KTTV, fed to the nation a week later by Du Mont from New York), they have already shown, in response to requests: a one-armed paper hanger in action, a man fighting a bear, another wrestling an alligator, a boxer fighting a wrestler, a 600-lb. cowboy mounted on a leather nag, a close-up of a lady swallowing swords, a swallow of goldfish, a Hopi Indian rain dance complete with rattlesnake, a scientist who showed (with the help of liquid air at 300° F. below zero) what the world might be like if the sun went out. For last week's show, one "Canonball" Martin came out of retirement to be pounded before the cameras with sledge hammers.

You Asked for It went on the air last January in Los Angeles, broadcasting pleasant sights such as \$1,000,000 in cash (\$10 bills arranged in 25 stacks, each stack worth \$40,000). But it soon began to specialize in the dark, secret longings of its audience. Some longings that were too dark and secret to grant: several requests to see a man electrocuted; a re-enactment of Joan of Arc burning at the stake, requested by a Minneapolis classroom; a 60 m.p.h. head-on crash of two cars.

Baker, an ex-film character actor, de-

cided not to let little Gary shoot up a TV set on the program. But there are plenty of other alarming requests to pick from. Some 2,000 come in every week, 45% of them from the not-so-innocent young. Last week Baker decided to gratify one of his most grisly requests to date, was going ahead with plans to film a face-lifting operation on a woman.

"We've got to be careful," says he, "not to let the show degenerate into a simple variety show." The tastes of the 1951 public being what they are, there seems to be little risk of that.

Program Preview

For the week beginning Friday, July 20. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Adventures in Science (Sat. 3:15 p.m., CBS). "Psychology at Work: How to avoid major blunders in picking a wife, a secretary or the person to fit any job."

Your Invitation to Music (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). Classical records with Composer Norman Dello Joio as guest.

Hollywood Star Playhouse (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., ABC). Barbara Stanwyck in *I'm A Coward*.

TELEVISION

TV's Top Tunes (Fri. 7:45 p.m., CBS). Sung by Peggy Lee and Mel Tormé.

General Electric Guest House (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). A panel from Broadway, identifying acts performed by Ethel Waters, Roland Young and others.

American Forum of the Air (Sun. 10 p.m., NBC). Senators Paul Douglas and Robert Taft discussing "America's Role in Defense of Freedom."

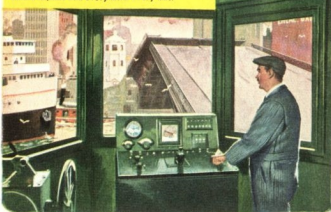


MAN v. BEAR, ON TV'S "YOU ASKED FOR IT"
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Delays can be disastrous in the handling, processing or manufacturing of many things. Dependable C-H Control quickly pays for itself wherever failure or faulty performance of an electric motor can mean losses.

Electric motors have played a great part in making America strong and abundant. They have lifted the burden of brute labor from the backs of men. They have made machines possible that do almost anything better, faster and at a lower cost. This nation's manufacturing plants today employ more than 10,000,000 electric motors. So it is easy to understand why motor control, the equipment that directs and protects these millions of motors, both merits and receives just about the most careful selection of all industrial purchases.

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discovered definite advantages in standardizing on *one* make of motor control . . . Cutler-Hammer Motor Control. Specifying Cutler-Hammer insures uniform dependability for all motor drives. It avoids confusing variations in control units. It permits interchangeability. It simplifies maintenance. It minimizes both investment and storage space needed for adequate reserve stocks of units and parts. To be sure, you too should insist on Cutler-Hammer. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. Associate: Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd., Toronto.



THIS IS EASY

Whether you're a shopper or a shipper, it's easy for you to get a lot of things from where they've been to where they're going. For this, you can thank the packaging industry.

Here's an industry that's always progressing—developing better containers and packages to move more products more safely, more speedily, more economically. Important contributions to these all-round improvements are supplied by chemicals and plastics—many of them furnished by Monsanto. They are applied to paper, wood, metal, glass, foil, tape, seals, labels.

Water resistance, for example, is added by a Monsanto chemical to tubular-type containers, paper cups, Kraft bags, wrapping paper. Monsanto paper-coating lacquers improve moisture resistance, add heat-sealing features to glassine papers. Still other Monsanto chemicals, applied to wraps, inhibit rust and corrosion to metal parts.

Plastics, of course, are pre-eminent in packaging. Here, too, Monsanto is a dominant factor—supplying plastics that appear in a thousand colors, for a thousand uses—for rigid and flexible packages—for luxury and utility service. Many of these plastic packages have display and re-use value.

In the field of plastic film wrappers, Monsanto also occupies an important role—supplying plasticizers for food containers and enclosures where nontoxicity is a requirement, for adhesives, vinyl films, cellulose strip coatings.

Thus, and in many other ways, Monsanto serves the packaging industry which, in turn, makes it easy for you to ship and shop more safely, speedily, economically . . . Monsanto Chemical Company, 1700 South Second Street, St. Louis 4, Missouri. In Canada: Monsanto (Canada) Limited, Montreal and Vancouver.

To the Packaging Industry

Illustrated and described here are only a few of the many applications of Monsanto chemicals and plastics to packages, containers, wraps, closures. Their production and availability are geared to meet current demands of the national economy.



Mersize®—Monsanto's synthetic size—is used as a beater additive in papermaking to increase resistance to water and moisture penetration beyond that obtainable with ordinary rosin size alone. Mersize actually reduces manufacturing costs while making these improvements—finds wide application in liquid containers, milk-bottle caps and similar packaging and closure uses.



Santicizers—Monsanto plasticizers—find numerous uses as components of many types of film wrappers. Santicizer 141, B-16 and E-15 are particularly adapted to nontoxic packaging uses in the food field—are widely used in wraps for meats, fish and such fatty products as margarine and lard. Technical services available to package manufacturers.



Lustrex®—Monsanto's styrene molding compound—is widely used in the manufacture of vials, containers and packages for medicinal, drug and related products . . . **Vuepak**®—Monsanto's clear cellulose acetate plastic—is extensively used in making rigid transparent containers . . . **Resinox**®—Monsanto's phenolic—is used for bottle and jar closures.

WRITE FOR INFORMATION—Manufacturers of packages, containers, wraps, closures are invited to contact Monsanto in relation to any problem involving chemicals and plastics as applied to packaging . . . Write for information.

☐ Mersize, synthetic size . . . ☐ Santicizers, plasticizers for nontoxic food wraps and coatings . . . ☐ Paper-coating lacquers, heat-sealing . . . ☐ Aroclor® plasticizers for vinyl acetate adhesives and vinyl packaging film . . . ☐ Aroclor plasticizer for cellulose strip coatings . . . ☐ Biphenyl, fungistat for fruit wrappers . . . ☐ Lustrex styrene molding compound . . . ☐ Vuepak clear cellulose acetate plastic . . . ☐ Resinox phenolic molding compounds . . . ☐ Inhibitor 038, for tin and terne plate.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

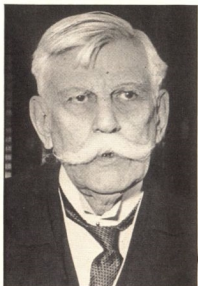


Serving Industry . . . Which Serves Mankind

RELIGION

Deal Rejected

Marshal Tito, busy mending fences, made a direct offer to the Vatican last month to release imprisoned Archbishop Stepinac. Tito's condition: that Stepinac leave Yugoslavia the moment he is released. Last week the Vatican reported Tito's offer—and its own reply: no bargain. "The Holy See would be pleased if Monsignor Stepinac were freed," said the answer to Tito. "The Holy See is informed, however, that that Most Excellent Prelate, being convinced of his innocence, prefers to remain near his faithful." That seemed to hand Tito's awkward dilemma right back to Tito.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
The certainty of uncertainty.

Chief Justice on Morality

Is there an absolute distinction between right & wrong? Or are moral laws really a matter of changing times, changing customs?

Last week Americans were invited to take a sharp second look at an answer made by the nation's No. 1 judge. Wrote Chief Justice Vinson, in his majority opinion upholding the conviction of the eleven top U.S. Communists (TIME, June 11): "Nothing is more certain in modern society than the principle that there are no absolutes."

Commented the *Christian Century*: "[Vinson's statement] plays into the hands of those who deny the existence of the moral law and, in public affairs, make the interests of the state the supreme morality... So long as it remains the basis on which judicial interpretation operates, it is a threat to the moral future of the nation."

The *Century's* editors cheered an equally sturdy dissent by Felix Morley (in *Barron's* Weekly): "Our whole system of

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"good place to work"

ScotTissue Towels are evidence of progressive, considerate management. Softer, more absorbent, they have a definite quality "feel" about them. They stay tough when wet, too, which means one towel dries both hands.

Washrooms rank as one of the four most important factors in good working conditions—according to a survey of workers from 400 plants. Specify ScotTissue Towels and you'll be doing your organization a real favor.

For suggestions on how to plan the *right* kind of washrooms, call on the Scott Washroom Advisory Service, Chester, Pennsylvania.

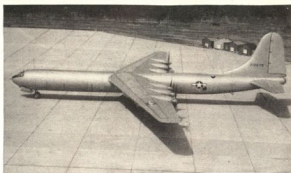
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Symbol of the right kind of washroom

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airports and roads and streets needed to keep America strong. Concrete pavement usually costs less to build than others of equal load-carrying capacity. It costs less to maintain and lasts longer. The result: **low annual cost.**



FOR FACTORIES

in defense production and for other essential construction such as hospitals and schools hangars and warehouses. Concrete offers rugged strength, maximum fire-safety, lasting beauty and the economy of **low-annual-cost** service.



FOR FARM USES

such as dairy barns and floors, feed lots, hog and poultry houses that are needed to provide increased food supplies. Concrete construction saves feed and labor, keeps animals healthier, resists storms, decay, termites, rats and fire.



FOR HOMES

of distinction in any size or style. A concrete house is moderate in first cost, lasts much longer, requires fewer repairs and less maintenance. Consequently it actually costs less per year to live in a fire-safe concrete house.

government is based on the assumption that there are certain absolute values, referred to in the Declaration of Independence as the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God." Did the Chief Justice of the United States really mean what he said? Quaker Morley gave him the benefit of the doubt: presumably Vinson wrote "at the close of a difficult and trying session" and "did not edit his opinion with customary care."

Whatever the explanation, Kentuckian Vinson's aside on morals drew no dissent from his brethren on the supreme bench. And no wonder. The doctrine he pronounced stems straight from the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, philosophical father of the present Supreme Court. In one way or another, it has been voiced by the court many times, notably by Justice Felix Frankfurter, longtime (1914-39) Harvard Law School professor, author of *Mr. Justice Holmes and the Supreme Court* (1939), discoverer, under the New Deal, of scores of bright young men (the Happy Hot Dogs) for top Government positions.

The Anglican Genius

The Church of England is the world's most notable balance of two separate traditions: Catholic and Protestant. Now & again, the balance is strained. Latest symptom: high-church Anglo-Catholics, who object to being called Protestants, have been bucking hard at all suggestions of closer cooperation with Britain's Protestant "Free Churches" (Methodists, Congregationalists, etc.).

This month London's *Church Times*, unofficial voice of the Anglican hierarchy, spoke out in admonition to Anglo-Catholics and Evangelicals alike, reasserted the church's traditional balance.

"The terms Catholic and Evangelical," said *Church Times*, "rightly stand for different traditions of emphasis. But of emphasis only. The great Catholic tradition . . . emphasizes the importance of due order and authority, the vital place of the sacraments . . . The Evangelical tradition stands primarily for emphasis upon the saving power of the Gospel . . ."

The two traditions must help each other or be lost. Catholics need "a passionate Evangelical zeal for teaching and preaching the truth. They must not neglect that sword of the spirit which is the Word of God." Evangelicals, in their turn, "must recognize the need for due order and authority within the Church. They must recapture the reality of the supernatural in the sacraments . . . With the common enemy at the gate, how criminal that the garrison should be divided by labels which in reality are . . . but obverse and reverse of the one saving truth . . ."

"After all, the genius of the Church, and perhaps of the English nation, is that it has held these two strains of tradition together. They are held in tension, but the tension need not be an unhealthy one. The mischievous thing is to suppose that the two traditions are in opposition. The simple truth is that any true Catholic must be evangelical. Any true Evangelical must be Catholic."

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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In this summer of 1951, modern American living went to sea — on the maiden voyage of the American Export Lines' fabulous new liner, "Constitution."

On this air-conditioned ship, you dial your own climate—in your own room—as you can do in so many modern homes.

All the controls—not only the personal thermostats in each smartly decorated stateroom, but hundreds of other automatic controls throughout the "Constitution" and its sister ship, the "Independence"—are Honeywell Controls.

Thus, Honeywell helps America live better afloat, just as it does ashore in millions of homes, schools, hospitals and commercial buildings. Just as it helps America work better, too, for Honeywell Controls do hundreds of different jobs in hundreds of different industries.

This is the Age of Automatic Control—everywhere you turn.

And Honeywell has been the leader in controls for more than 60 years.



America lives better—works better—with Honeywell Controls

MINNEAPOLIS
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For information about automatic controls for ships, planes, buses, and trains; for heating, ventilating and air conditioning; for industrial processing—write HONEYWELL, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota. In Canada: Toronto 17, Ontario.



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Glue that cushions the bumps

Easy as this! When shipping. You can't stack loose shipping containers in a freight car or truck. They'll bounce around. And damage critical defense material. You use glue! Two easily applied strips. Along the bottom. These strips lock each container to the one immediately below. As many as 32 on a single wooden pallet. They can't bounce around. Contents aren't damaged. Handling's faster. 32 containers are picked up as one. Unloading? An upward thrust releases each container. Easily!

...and there's more to load-locking with glue!

• "you name it...I helped make it!" Multi-wall paper and fabric bags can also be palletized with glue. Here, too, pilferage is discouraged. Damage claims reduced. Steel straps eliminated. Handling costs are lowered. One man can load or unload an entire freight car in one hour. The NATIONAL touch is everywhere. Glue applied through imaginative research and service. To every item of defense and daily life.

STARCHES

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ADHESIVES

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Labor Trouble

The Vatican's 450-year-old corps of Swiss Guards carry medieval halberds and wear red-yellow-and-blue uniforms designed by Michelangelo. But they suffer from the cost of living just as much as floorwalkers or bus drivers. Last week, in an open letter sent to Rome newspapers, guardsmen asked the Holy See for a pay raise.

Oldtimers in the ceremonial guard (currently six officers, 113 men) were in open resentment of the fact that the rival Papal Gendarmes get higher wages. Sixteen new recruits (who must be Roman Catholic Swiss, 19 to 25 when they enter the corps, may not marry until they leave it or become officers) wasted no time arguing. They packed up for Switzerland.

The Vatican thought it had a pretty good case: besides their monthly salary of



Wide World

VATICAN SWISS GUARDS
Despite free beer, discontent.

41,000 lire (\$50), the guards get free quarters, uniforms, food, cigarettes and beer. That makes them better off financially than the average Italian civil servant. Also, unlike the Papal Gendarmes, who maintain order inside Vatican City, they have no police duties.* To avoid discontent, however, the Vatican released the 16 complaining recruits from the terms of their enlistment contracts. It is also giving thought to increasing the allowances of the guards who remain.

* Though once the Swiss Guard was the elite of the papal armies, their greatest historic moment came in 1527, when they were almost annihilated on the steps of Saint Peter's by the army of Charles, Duke of Bourbon—but their delaying action probably saved the life of Pope Clement VII. Recent Popes have not needed such protection. In July, 1914, while Pope Pius X was still hoping that Europe's differences could be settled without war, the Guard commander proposed mounting a gun on St. Peter's roof. Said Pius: "Shooting might frighten the Holy Ghost away, Commander. Don't let's have any noise."

Best of breed... best in show



No other truck stands so much work or lives so long as Mack... not one

The staunch Mack bulldog leads his breed and all his kind.

You'll see him on the most modern truck, the newest bus, the shiniest fire fighter in the engine house.

You'll also see him on grizzled old Macks—still holding down a young truck's job—of which their owners speak almost with reverence:

"Some of our Macks are twenty-seven years old,"* says one—you feel

the marvel in his voice.

Another says—"I've spent mighty few dollars for repairs on my Mack in the past twenty years." He speaks with eagerness—the words are pats on the back for his good judgment.

"Of our 136 Macks, many have passed the fifteen-year mark. One is twenty-five—all are registered and

operating profitably," another says.

And so it goes—buses, trucks, fire apparatus—Macks everywhere, still on the job, living long beyond the day their usefulness should end.

Earning money for owners, saving money for owners—far longer.

Best of breed, best in show—*no other truck stands so much work or lives so long as Mack.*

Not one!



*Among all trucks in its weight class, there are twice as many Macks over 17 years old still in service.



Mack Trucks, Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y. Factories at Allentown, Pa.; Plainfield, N. J.; Long Island City, N. Y. Factory branches and distributors in all principal cities for service and parts. In Canada: Mack Trucks of Canada, Ltd.

Built like a Mack...outlasts them all!



This Overhead Saves You Money

The material these workmen are installing illustrates a principle you should know, whatever your business may be.

The principle is accomplishing several jobs for the price of one. Here Fiberglas® Insulating Form Board serves four purposes. It provides a form for pouring the gypsum roof . . . serves as a highly efficient roof insulation . . . provides an excellent acoustical treatment . . . and adds to fire safety.

Doing several jobs at once—saving money and materials—is a habit of Fiberglas products that is getting them used in more ways every year. You find them now

in everything from construction materials to sheer marquisette curtains.

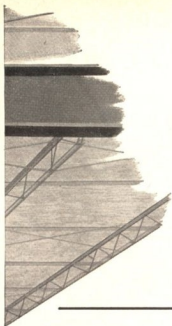
Their ability to do these multiple jobs so well comes basically from the fact that they are made from fibers of glass and glass won't burn, rot, swell, shrink or age.

Fiberglas materials offer unique combinations of properties that should stimulate your imagination. Study the column at the right. Then ask us about the combination that will make money for you. Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, 1407 Nicholas Building, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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With Fiberglas materials, either alone or in combination with other materials, you can have almost any combination of the following properties that your imagination can see a profit in:

CONTROL OF . . . Heat or Cold,
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NONCOMBUSTIBILITY

LIGHT WEIGHT

DIMENSIONAL STABILITY

RESILIENCY

IMPACT STRENGTH

TENSILE STRENGTH

EASE OF APPLICATION

*FIBERGLAS is the trade-mark (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation for a variety of products made of or with fibers of glass.

MILESTONES

Born. To Lieut. Samuel Goldwyn Jr., 24, son of Film Producer Sam Goldwyn, and Jennifer Howard, 25, daughter of the late playwright Sidney Coe Howard (*They Knew What They Wanted*); their first child, a daughter; in Paris (where Lieut. Goldwyn is on General Eisenhower's staff).

Born. To Elizabeth Bradley Beukema, 27, only child of General Omar Bradley, and Air Force Captain Henry Shaw Beukema, 27; their third child, second son; in Washington. Name: Omar Bradley. Weight: 7 lbs. 5 oz.

Born. To Anne Baxter, 28, cinematress (*All About Eve*), granddaughter of Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, and Actor John Hodiak, 37 (*A Bell for Adano, Battleground*); their first child, a daughter; in Los Angeles. Name: Katrina Baxter. Weight: 6 lbs. 7 oz.

Died. Robert Ingersoll Ingalls, 68, founder of the Ingalls Iron Works Co.; of a heart attack; in Birmingham, Ala. During the late '30s he set up the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp. (largest on the Gulf Coast), pioneered in the construction of all-welded ships. In 1948, angered by his only son's divorce and plans for remarriage, Ingalls hired armed guards to carry \$2,120,000 in \$1,000 bills to buy back his son's share of the shipbuilding business.

Died. Egbert A. Van Alstyne, 73, old-time songwriter (*In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Pretty Baby, Memories*); of a heart attack; in Chicago. After several years as a honky-tonk piano player and song plugger, Van Alstyne, with Lyricist Harry Williams, won Tin Pan Alley fame in 1903 with *Navaho*, then went on to turn out more than 500 tunes until radio came along to rout the family piano. When sheet-music sales began to drop, Van Alstyne decided it was time to retire.

Died. Arnold Schoenberg, 76, famed composer, pedagogue and musical theorist, inventor of the twelve-tone system; of a heart ailment; in Los Angeles (*see Music*).

Died. The 13th Earl of Home, Charles Cospatrick Archibald Douglas-Home, 77, head of the Scottish clan of Home, wealthy landowner, host to Neville Chamberlain upon the late Prime Minister's return from his "Peace for Our Time" meeting with Hitler; of a heart attack; in Coldstream, Scotland.

Died. Ashton Stevens, 78, dean of American theater critics, for 54 years a drama man for Hearst newspapers in New York, San Francisco and Chicago (40 years on the *Herald-American* and predecessors); of a coronary occlusion; in Chicago. A mild-mannered, rarely caustic critic, he once defined his aim: "To be right if possible; to be read, if possible."

These are no Ordinary Nuts!



The fishing nut, with a different lure for every fish that swims, has nothing on United-Carr's versatile TEENUT. For, literally hundreds of different TEENUTS are available, each specially designed for its job. Driven into wood or spot-welded to sheet metal, TEENUTS provide a solidly anchored steel thread. They eliminate countersinking and washers and shave costs by cutting assembly time to the bone.

For the automotive, aviation, electronics and appliance industries, United-Carr designs and produces thousands of fastening devices, each *tailor-made* to do a particular job for a particular manufacturer. And today, with sound engineering and the plant capacity for volume production so vital to defense, more manufacturers than ever are turning first to United-Carr — FIRST IN FASTENERS.

• Before bidding on government contracts requiring snap fasteners or special fastening devices, consult your nearest United-Carr field engineer.

UNITED-CARR

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MAKERS OF **DOT** FASTENERS

BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Breather

U.S. civilian production will be cut back no more this year, said NPA Boss Manly Fleischmann last week. But the good news was received without cheers; sales were already so slow that many businessmen were cutting back of their own accord.

One of the hardest hit was the textile industry, whose sales have been "slow to lousy" for four months. Texton, Inc., whose rayon weaving mill in Suncook, N.H. closed down for vacations at the end of June, decided to postpone reopening of the plant indefinitely; its nylon weaving plants closed down for two vacation weeks instead of the normal one.



SARNOFF AT NANTUCKET

After a disaster, orders from President Taft.

Other textile manufacturers followed suit, planned cutbacks of 10% to 50%. There were also spreading cuts in wholesale prices, not only in textiles but in soap (Procter & Gamble and Lever Bros. cut 11%) and in shoes.

Merchants, still plagued by heavy inventories, were also cutting retail prices to move goods faster. The move paid off: sales rose a bit higher than the same time last year, when war-scare buying was at a peak. Retail food prices were still edging up. This week, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that retail food prices went up $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1% in the last half of June, pushing the food-price index 12% above the pre-Korean level. But there were surpluses—and probably lower prices—ahead. Farm planting, said the Agriculture Department, is at the highest level since 1933. In the stockyards, even the price of beef eased off a bit, as a heavy flow of cattle came to market. But most businessmen still thought the lull was just a temporary breather.

COMMUNICATIONS

The General

(See Cover)

The public scored David Sarnoff's Radio Corp. of America with a lost round last year in the great color TV fight with Columbia Broadcasting System. Sarnoff did not stay down. Last week he showed the television industry a new tube that receives clear, true color, and he showed the public that RCA's color system can do what CBS's can not: color programs broadcast by RCA can be received in black & white on present sets without any change. It looked as if radio's miracle man had not run out of miracles.

For months, Wall Street speculators

ets, of a research staff which year in & year out develops new wonders. Would Sarnoff, who boasts that he was born about the same time that the electron was discovered (as if they were somehow twins), allow himself to be bested in the next great advance of the industry that he had led for two decades? Those who knew Sarnoff's vast ability—and his vast pride—thought not. They listened when, coldly eyeing the FCC decision, he said: "We may have lost the battle, but we'll win the war."

Secret Weapon. To get the weapon he needed, Sarnoff prodded RCA, not a nimble organization, into an amazing burst of speed to improve its color system. Last week, in his Radio City Exhibition Hall, Sarnoff put on a demonstration for some 200 radio and television reporters, who saw a 20-minute program starring Nanette Fabray and Singer Yma Sumac on RCA's new color tubes.* There was no blurring or running of colors, even in the fastest movement, e.g., a pair of performing lovebirds flapping their wings. As a show topper, an RCA mobile unit focused on a swimming pool near New York where a troupe of swimmers and divers performed. The outdoor telecast, which RCA explained could just as well be a football game or boxing match, came through almost as clearly as the studio show.

Within two months, RCA will start putting on similar public color demonstrations on 100 receivers which will be moved from city to city all over the U.S. By broadcasting its color show last week on its regular channel, RCA also showed TV set owners that its system is compatible, i.e., it could receive the broadcasts in black & white. (RCA can also convert existing sets to color.) The new tube's performance was so impressive that such TV competitors as Allen B. Du Mont, who has opposed any form of color up till now, changed their minds. Said Du Mont: "The RCA picture was good enough to start commercial programs immediately."

Sarnoff is far more cautious. He says: "Commercial color television on a big basis is still two to five years away. Material shortage, NPA cutbacks on TV production and defense orders will delay it. On top of that, it will take a long time to get the bugs out of mass production of the color tube."

Many a TV man thinks that Sarnoff's five years is too long. One big reason is that when FCC made its decision last fall, TV setmakers were almost solidly against the CBS system, because they were up to their ears in orders and wanted to make no changes that might upset sales. Now,

have been betting on Sarnoff. So far this year, RCA stock has risen from 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 21 $\frac{1}{2}$, CBS fallen from 33 to 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. This trend is the more remarkable because six months ago RCA was apparently caught flat-footed when the Federal Communications Commission decided to license the CBS "whirling disc" system for commercial broadcasting. RCA promised a much better system, one that existing TV sets would receive in black & white (unlike the CBS method) without any change in the sets. But the color RCA showed FCC last fall was mushy and CBS's was clear. FCC decided not to wait.

Even then, old radiomen kept their eyes on Sarnoff. He is the man who put radio in the home—and never forgets it for a waking moment. He is boss of RCA with its 52,000 employees (including those of the 238-station NBC radio and television network), of 13 manufacturing plants which turn out millions of radios, TV sets and hundreds of different electronic gad-

* In RCA's system, the color-television camera breaks a picture down into three colors (red, green and blue). These color impulses are broadcast, picked up by a television receiver circuit, which sets off three electronic "guns" (one for each color) inside the picture tube. They project the picture on the face of the tube so fast (1,800 times a minute) that the three color pictures blend into a single all-color one.

TV manufacturers are up to their ears in unsold sets, are more likely to grab at RCA's system, which they think will get customers buying again. RCA has already given manufacturers the blueprints of its color system, to make sets (on a royalty basis)—if FCC gives the go-ahead.

Whatever technical or bureaucratic difficulties may lie ahead of RCA's color system, it was clear from last week's demonstration that Sarnoff was fighting his way out of a tough spot.

For more than 50 of his 60 years, Sarnoff has been doing just that. Driving through obstacles is his habit, his joy, his bitter necessity. He says: "There are three drives that rule most men: money, sex and power." Nobody doubts that Sarnoff's ruling drive is power. Says a deputy: "There is no question about it, he is the god over here."

The Hermitage. American business biography abounds in up-from-the-bottom stories; few are quite so dramatic and revealing as Sarnoff's. Owen D. Young said that Sarnoff had lived "the most amazing romance of its kind on record." Horatio Alger himself could hardly have done it in one book; he would have needed *Adrift in New York*, *Nelson the Newsboy*, *The Telegraph Boy* and *Joe's Luck or Always Wide Awake*.

Sarnoff was born in 1891, eldest son of a poverty-stricken family in the tiny (pop. 200) Jewish community of Uzlian, in Russia's province of Minsk. His father, who came of a trading family, wanted him to become a trader. His mother, who came of a long line of rabbis, insisted that he become a scholar. Sarnoff remembers that in the world of his childhood, prestige was based not on money but on "the possession of knowledge."

When David was four, the dispute over his future ended; his father departed alone for America. His mother, a strong-willed woman, promptly packed David off to her uncle, a rabbi who lived in a hermitage in Korma, about 150 miles east of Minsk. For about five years David stayed there, the only boy in the hermitage, up at 6 to begin his studies of the Talmud that lasted until 9 at night. He was lonely and he remembers those strange years with bitterness. The grey beards in the hermitage did not teach him to count. But those years trained his memory (2,000 words of the Talmud a day) and his reasoning powers. He was set simple ethical problems to work out. Sample: "If you saw an article lying in the street, what rights would you have to it?"

This tutelage ended when David was 9½. His father in America sent for his family. David, his mother and a brother took a ship at Libau, Latvia. "I had never even seen a picture of a ship," says David. His mother, afraid of forbidden food on the ship, had cooked, according to strict orthodox rules, a great hamper of bread, cakes and pickled meats. She explained that these were to be their only food on the voyage. David saw the food hamper being lowered into the hold. Afraid that it would be lost and he would starve, he dived after it into the hold, dropped 50



Peter Stockpole—Life

RINGMASTER & ELZA BEHRMAN

After a surprise, head-holding for Toscanini.

feet, scrambled about until he found the hamper and was rescued by a seaman. A sailor who spoke Russian told him: "You'll do all right in America."

He had to. When the Sarnoffs arrived in New York, they found the father broken in health. Ten-year-old David, who could not speak English, became the chief breadwinner for the family, which soon included two more babies. At 4 in the morning, he left the family room on the lower East Side to deliver the *Jewish Morning Journal*, ran errands for a butcher before going to school. He saved enough money to buy a newsstand, sold papers

after school until late at night. David, who had a fine soprano voice, also earned \$1.50 a week singing in the synagogue. At 15, on the day before he was to get \$100 for singing during the Jewish holy days, his voice began to change. It was a disaster. He had to quit grammar school to look for a full-time job.

"Incidentally Me." He found one (at \$5 a week) as an office boy, saved \$1.50 to buy a telegraph key, and taught himself the Morse code. Soon he talked himself into an office job with American Marconi, the U.S. subsidiary of Marconi's British-owned company. The magic of wireless captured the boy's imagination; so did the personality of Marconi. "I carried his bag, delivered candy and flowers to his girl friends. I admired the simplicity of his approach to problems."

Up to this point, David had merely reacted with extraordinary energy to the responsibilities thrust upon him. Luck put him into the communications business, but had nothing to do with his next step. What he did next may have stemmed from the training in the lonely years in the hermitage at Korma: he sat down and thought out the path to his future. He noted that the company's wireless operators knew nothing about the office and that the office staff knew nothing about wireless. He decided that, as the business grew, it would need a man who knew both.

Sarnoff got his first operator's job on Nantucket Island, a job so lonely that few operators wanted it (\$70 a month, \$40 home to mother). David used his spare time to study books on wireless as tirelessly as he had the Talmud. Soon his expert "fist" could send 45 words per minute steadily for eight hours—a pace not many could equal. After two years there, he got himself transferred to Long Island, at a \$10 cut in pay, so that he could go to night school, where he finished a three-year electrical engineering course in twelve



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HERCULES

months. When his big chance came, he was ready for it: he was an operator in the Marconi wireless station, atop John Wanamaker's Manhattan store, on the night of April 14, 1912, when he picked up a message from the S.S. *Titanic*: "Ran into iceberg. Sinking fast." For three days & nights, the nation waited breathlessly while Sarnoff, going without sleep, provided its only news of the disaster and survivors. President Taft ordered all other stations off the air to enable Operator Sarnoff to catch the messages.

Sarnoff notes that the *Titanic* disaster "brought radio (and incidentally me) to the front." As a result of the disaster, Congress passed a law requiring every ship with more than 50 passengers to carry wireless. American Marconi set up a school to fill the sudden demand for operators; Sarnoff became an instructor at the school, rapidly moved up the ladder to commercial manager.

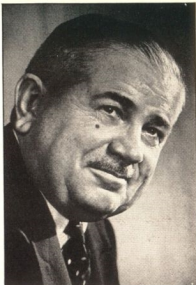
The Music Box. In 1915 he wrote a historic memo to his boss. Experiments had already proved that wireless could broadcast speech as well as signals,* but since anybody could "listen in" on such messages, the wireless companies thought the lack of privacy robbed radiotelephony of any commercial value. Sarnoff realized its possibilities. In his memo, he proposed to build a "Radio Music Box . . . to bring music into the house by wireless . . . Receiving lectures at home can be made perfectly audible; also events of national importance can be simultaneously announced and received." In the turmoil of World War I, Sarnoff's memo was ignored.

At war's end, the U.S. determined to end the British wireless monopoly. At Government urging, General Electric's Vice President Owen D. Young got G.E., Westinghouse, United Fruit and A.T. & T. to pool all their wireless patents and jointly organize RCA. It took over American Marconi—and Sarnoff. As RCA's chairman, Young was so impressed with Sarnoff's vision and knowledge of wireless theory and practice that he made him general manager.

Sarnoff dug out his old 1915 memo and tried it on Young, who liked the "music box" idea. But RCA's directors were willing to risk only \$2,000. Sarnoff gave a demonstration that woke them up. He borrowed a Navy transmitter and helped give a blow-by-blow broadcast of the 1921 Dempsey-Carpentier world championship fight. It created a sensation; about 200,000 amateur wireless operators and others with homemade sets heard it, and spread the news of the wonder so widely that the public clamored for sets. RCA quickly developed the "music box," and both G.E. and Westinghouse began making it, with RCA acting as wholesaler.

Everyone thought that Sarnoff was foolishly optimistic when he predicted that \$75 million in boxes would be sold within three years. Actual sales: \$83 million. David Sarnoff, a prophet with honor, was

* Reginald Fessenden had made such a broadcast in 1906, when wireless operators at sea were startled to pick up the unearthly sounds.



Copyright Karsh

FRANK FOLSOM
A weakness eliminated.

soon radio's wonder boy, teeming with ideas. Why not, he proposed, put radios and phonographs in a single cabinet, save space, cut costs by using the same loudspeakers? Sales of such combinations soared. Why not start a radio network to improve programs, broaden the market for sets? At Sarnoff's urging, RCA founded NBC and the Red network. Two months later, the Blue network was added.

Changing the Tune. The radio field was being invaded by so many newcomers that Sarnoff got worried; he thought RCA should expand into other fields. But RCA's profits were needed to keep pace with the mushrooming radio business; there was little left for the kind of expansion he had in mind. So Sarnoff began his famous



Fred Lyon—Rapho-Guilloumette
VLADIMIR ZWORYKIN
An eye invented.

series of expansions without cash; he traded RCA products and stock for the companies he wanted. RCA had developed the Photophone, a device for talking movies, and traded rights to it to Radio-Albee-Orpheum and F.P.O. Productions, Inc. for 65% of their stock. The name was changed to the Radio-Keith-Orpheum (RKO). To get into the manufacturing business on its own, instead of remaining only a wholesaler of sets, RCA swung an even bigger deal: RCA took over Victor Talking Machine for \$150 million worth of RCA preferred and common stock, a price that Wall Street thought far too high. RCA profits continued to soar. In 1929, the company that had hesitated to spend \$2,000 on Sarnoff's music box grossed \$176,500,000 as a result of it, netted \$15.8 million, and was one of the sensations of the big bull market.

Radio stock went soaring from \$2.50 to \$549 a share, was split and resplit. Insiders made killings in radio pools, but Sarnoff had a reputation for keeping aloof from such shenanigans. At their height, he sailed to Europe to help Owen Young set up the Young Plan for German reparations.

When Sarnoff came back in 1930, he was elected president of RCA and faced the Depression. It was forcing many a radiomaker to the wall, but Sarnoff kept on driving ahead. In 1932, the Department of Justice forced G.E. and Westinghouse to give up their 51.3% control of RCA (by distributing their RCA holdings to their own stockholders). In this way, RCA achieved independence, but as part of the deal Sarnoff also had to pay off \$17.9 million that RCA owed its parents. He did it partly when he turned over to them RCA's new skyscraper headquarters in Manhattan (which G.E. still uses for its executive office), partly when G.E. and Westinghouse wiped out \$8,900,000 of the debt. RCA had outgrown the building, anyway. For new quarters, RCA took over the biggest building in Rockefeller Center and handed out 100,000 shares of preferred stock as part of the deal.

By then, the Depression had hit hard enough so that Sarnoff decided to lighten ship. He started selling off control of RKO and later, on orders of FCC, sold the Blue network (it became the American Broadcasting Co.). In RCA's stock-swapping years, it paid no dividends. The first one was not paid until 1937, nearly 20 years after the company started. Sarnoff has thought it more important to plow earnings into research to keep up with the electronic world. And profits from research have often been a long time coming.

Broke New World. Television is the best example. In 1923, Dr. Vladimir Zworykin, Westinghouse's Russian-born wizard, invented the eye of the modern TV camera—the iconoscope, and developed the kinescope. Sarnoff then called television “a dream whose shadowy outlines are beginning to appear on the far horizon,” and set to work to make it come true. In 1928, RCA opened an experimental TV station in New York and during the next 20 years poured \$50 million into television. At the opening of New York's World

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Like a draft horse, pipe to be laid under paved streets should be known for strength. Modern traffic and utility service conditions, both above and below ground, subject water and gas mains to stresses that demand four strength factors—shock strength, crushing strength, beam strength and bursting strength. No pipe that is deficient in any of those strength factors should ever be laid under paved streets of cities, towns or villages.

Cast iron water and gas mains, laid over a century ago, are serving in the streets of more than 30 cities in North America. Such service records prove that cast iron pipe has all the strength factors of long life and economy. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3.

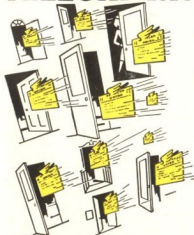
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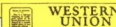
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PLEASE WIRE TODAY WHEN AND HOW OUR ORDER NO. 39549 WILL BE DELIVERED OUR CHICAGO FACTORY.



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URGENTLY NEED PRICE SCHEDULES REQUESTED OUR LETTER OF JUNE 27. OUR NEW CATALOG READY TO GO TO PRESS. PLEASE TELEGRAPH IMMEDIATELY.

Always
On Top!

Telegrams
Get
"Priority"
Attention



NANETTE FABRAY & RCA COLOR BROADCAST
Lovebirds flopped unblurred wings.

Fair on April 30, 1939, Sarnoff made the first U.S. commercial telecast with the words: "Now at last we add sight to sound."

But even so it was not until after World War II that the mass production of TV sets began.

Out of RCA's big research headquarters at Princeton, N.J. Dr. Zworykin (who joined RCA in 1929) and his colleagues, under Vice President C. B. Jolliffe, brought many other startling developments: the electron microscope, the infrared "sniperscope" which enabled World War II G.I.s to knock off skulking Japanese troops at night, "shoran" for accurate blind-bombing. In World War II, RCA turned out an estimated \$500 million worth of devices for the armed forces. Now it has big defense orders, many for products no one else can make.

Sarnoff is no scientist, yet of all RCA's activities, research is nearest his heart and he is one of the few top men of the industry who can talk to scientists without an interpreter. And research represents tomorrow, expansion, new success which David Sarnoff, after the painful insecurity of his early life, still seeks.

Collector's Items. Modesty, false or otherwise, does not disguise Sarnoff's power and success. His chill blue eyes shine with impatient energy, his boyish, scrubbed-pink face radiates cockiness. All 5 feet 5 inches of his bull-necked, bull-chested figure bristles with authority and assurance. He dresses with conservative, expensive elegance, even carries a gold frame to hold matchbooks.

At RCA he makes all the top decisions, is brusque with slower-witted underlings. He insists that every memo to him must be no more than a page, but allows himself more latitude, has written memos as long as 30 pages. A collection of his better memos, bound in gold-tooled leather, is a prized Sarnoff possession.

To record his accomplishments more

fully, Sarnoff keeps a man working on the history of RCA and his life & times (unpublished, it is now in its twelfth volume). He is proudest of the fact that President Roosevelt made him a brigadier general for his work in organizing communications for SHAEF, and he wears a gold ring with SHAEF's flaming sword insignia. He likes to be called "General," and everybody at RCA does so. Even his wife & sons Robert, an NBC vice president, Edward, an electric-appliance distributor, and Thomas, an ABC employee, so refer to him.

Again & again, he makes two points about his own personality: 1) he loves music, 2) he does not love money.

In the teeth of the realities of commercial radio and TV, he tries sincerely to hang on to his dream of the "music box." Sarnoff gets much of the credit for the fact that radio has helped to change America from musical illiteracy to a nation where millions know and love good music. Sarnoff's original idea was that makers of radio sets would sponsor cultural programs. To this day, he has little knowledge of radio advertising, and he despises cheap radio entertainment.

Sharps & Flats. Sarnoff's closest friends are from the musical world. Occasionally, such friends as NBC Music Director Sam Chotzinoff, Jascha Heifetz, Vladimir Horowitz, etc., stage elaborate costume parties at Sarnoff's home. At a surprise party for Toscanini, the Maestro was shown to the sixth floor when he arrived, asked if he had a reservation, was finally led into what seemed to be a nightclub. A blare of jazz assailed the conductor's ears. Sarnoff acted as ringmaster in a circus act while Elza Heifetz Behrman, sister of Jascha Heifetz and wife of Playwright S. N. Behrman, rode a make-believe horse. Toscanini sat with his head in his hands all evening, would not look at the show, and was not amused.

Last year, for Sarnoff's birthday, the

group staged a satire. Chotzinoff, impersonating Sarnoff, sat at a breakfast table, surrounded by telephones, talked into all of them at once, pounded the table, chewed up cigars. Sarnoff was amused.

Sarnoff likes to tell people that he is not a man of big wealth. Considering that he has been for 20 years at or near the top of an expanding industry, this is a sensational statement—and people who ought to know believe it. He has 5,000 shares of RCA stock and a \$200,000-a-year salary.

His home life is as elegantly comfortable as that of any non-millionaire in the world. The Sarnoff home in Manhattan has six floors, 30 rooms, two patios, a barbershop and a projection room. In almost every room, including the servants', are radio and TV sets, with tuning gadgets concealed among the furnishings.

This ménage is presided over by his French-born wife, Lizette, whom he met and married 34 years ago in The Bronx. Sarnoff explains the courtship: "I could speak no French. She could speak no English. So what else could we do?"

Major Weakness. Sarnoff's lack of interest in some of the commercial aspects of radio may account for the fact that RCA's brilliant record in research and financing has not been equalled by its sales record—until recently. The man who has done much to eliminate this weakness is Frank M. Folsom, onetime vice president of Chicago's Goldblatt Bros. and Montgomery Ward, and chief of the procurement branch of the Navy during World War II, who joined RCA Victor in 1944.

As RCA chairman, Sarnoff lets President Folsom handle most executive details. Folsom is thus the empire's only heir apparent, but at 57, he is close to Sarnoff's own age. There are a few able younger men coming up, but RCA's major weakness is lack of a solid second echelon of younger executives. Its size often makes it hard for RCA to turn fast enough to cope with the crack team of Paley and Frank Stanton at smaller CBS.

Slow but Sure. CBS got the jump on RCA, not only in color, but in putting on the market three years ago the slow-playing record that revolutionized the phonograph business. Not long after that, CBS raided NBC's radio shows, snatched away such top stars as Jack Benny, Amos & Andy. At the time NBC lost the stars, it looked as if it would be hard hit. But Sarnoff has a way of coming out ahead, despite defeats. After the rumpus over the long-playing records died down, business for all record companies, including RCA, picked up. Thanks to the astounding spread of television, the network has hardly missed its radio stars.

To Sarnoff, these were all skirmishes, nothing to scare him from his plans to expand RCA into new territory. He is already itching to put RCA into the electric-appliance business, NBC into the movie business (to make films for television), and is planning a "pay-as-you-hear" TV system which would not depend on telephones as does Zenith Radio Corp.'s system (TIME, June 4). Above all, he is confident that the vast sums he has

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WHEN MT. VESUVIUS ERUPTED IN 79 A.D., IT BURIED POMPEII UNDER FIERY CINDERS. 1700 YEARS LATER, AN ASBESTOS BURIAL CLOTH WAS FOUND IN THE RUINS... STILL INTACT AND STRONG!

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- 1 The challenge of working on such vital programs as the B-47 and B-52 jet bombers, guided missiles and other revolutionary developments.
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Engineering opportunities at Boeing interest me. Please send me further information.

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poured into research will continue to pay off with more spectacular advances than even his color television tube.

"Electrons," he points out, "can supply the brains for the control of machinery, respond to light, color, a wisp of smoke—the faintest touch or the feeblest sound. Today, these electrons can follow a chart, a blueprint or a pattern more accurately than the human eye. Some day, they may even respond to smell and taste. Who would dare predict the future? He is a rash man who would limit an art as limitless as space itself."

ADVERTISING Corrupt Substitute

At an international advertising conference in London last week, British Adman J. B. Nicholas offered his views on sex appeal in advertising. Said he: "Sex appeal . . . is a corrupt, lazy substitute for the romantic appeal. Sex appeal offers few novelties and they soon bore, whereas the romantic appeal affords inexhaustible possibilities of humor, charm and sentiment." How did Adman Nicholas define advertising sex appeal? Said he: "Oh, you know. Legs and all that sort of thing."

PUBLISHING Battle of the Booksellers

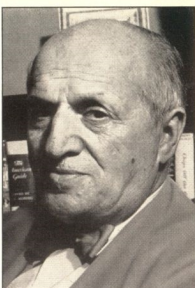
After burying its nose in the book publishing business for more than a year, the Federal Trade Commission leaned back and issued a complaint last week that was a bestseller along U.S. Publisher's Row. The Commission charged that Doubleday & Co. and five other publishers* violated federal antimonopoly laws by allowing the book clubs to sell their books at cut-rate prices, while retailers were required to sell the same titles at fixed prices.

The FTC action was a victory for the 3,200 U.S. booksellers, who have been fighting a guerrilla war with the book clubs ever since Harry Scherman founded the Book-of-the-Month Club 25 years ago, brought cut rates and mass merchandising to the book business as well as scores of imitators. Book-of-the-Month Club leases printing plates from publishers, pays them 10% of the selling price of every book. Club editions not only undersell regular trade copies by as much as 40%, but the clubs give away many free books as "dividends."

Under the Counter. To fight the clubs, many retailers shoved the regular trade editions of book club selections under the counter, refused to recommend them to their customers. Others, like Manhattan's big Brentano's bookstore, signed up clerks as Book-of-the-Month Club members, then peddled their books to customers at regular retail prices.

But the clubs prospered. By 1950, there were 60 book clubs in the U.S., with a \$100 million income, about 30% of all U.S. book sales. With 2.5 million members

* The others: Harper & Brothers; Houghton Mifflin Co.; Little, Brown & Co.; Random House; Simon & Schuster.



BOOK CLUBMAN SCHERMAN
A bestseller made bad reading.

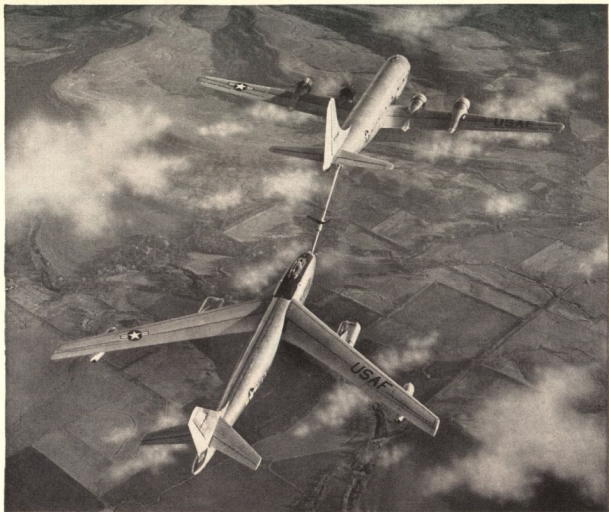
on their rolls, the clubs say that they have created a brand-new reading public. Says Book-of-the-Month's Scherman: "The retail bookstore—as a method of distribution in the U.S.—does not begin to do a thorough job." The clubs depend on the nation's 41,000 post offices for distribution, mail most of their books to towns under 100,000, which have few bookstores. Many a publisher reckons that book club and other reprint rights and sales to Hollywood are the only things that keep him in business.

The Same Terms. Book stores charge that cut-rate book club competition helped depress retail sales to \$250 million for the last four years, while rising costs have squeezed store profits to 2 1/2% of 1%. The book stores' solution: force publishers to lease their plates to retailers on the same terms they give book clubs.

The publishers insist they have always been willing to do this. Said Doubleday President Douglas M. Black: "Any retailer that will bid and pay can lease plates. If any bookseller wants to start a book club there's nothing to stop him."

AVIATION Trouble for United

United Air Lines this week was forced to ground its six DC-6Bs, the line's biggest and fastest planes, and lop 9,300 miles off its normal 188,000 miles of flying schedules. Reason: the pilots would not fly them unless they got extra pay for the job. The issue, a major factor in the pilots' ten-day strike against United last month (TIME, July 2), popped up again in mediation conferences. The Air Line Pilots Association, said United, had agreed to discuss the question of higher wages for flying the DC-6B. But at the mediation table, the line charged, A.L.P.A. refused to talk things out. The pilots' union had nothing to say.



Fuel is pumped through "flying boom" into Stratojet from Stratofreighter tanker plane at high altitude.

Connected for "Long Distance"

"IMPOSSIBLE" a few months ago — routine today.

That's the story of how Boeing, working closely with the U. S. Air Force, has perfected a mid-air refueling technique capable of serving bombers and fighters — greatly extending their range and effectiveness.

Already, mid-air refueling equipment is standard on the B-50 Superfortress and the 600-mile-an-hour B-47

Stratojet bomber. Successful tests have also been made with Uncle Sam's high-speed jet fighters.

Two Boeing developments make possible fast, safe, mid-air refueling. One is the ingenious "flying boom" — a telescoping pipe from the tanker plane through which fuel is pumped into the receiver ship.

The second development is the KC-97A Stratofreighter tanker which

can rendezvous at high altitudes with the B-47 Stratojet — or jet fighters — and transfer large quantities of fuel very quickly.

Advances like these explain why Boeing airplanes continue to grow, not only in speed and striking power but also in range, long after they leave the production line. They help keep America out in front in the world parade of airpower.

For the Air Force, Boeing builds the B-47 Stratojets, B-50 Superfortresses and C-97 Stratofreighters; and for the world's leading airlines Boeing has built fleets of the new twin-deck Stratocruisers.

BOEING

"This water cooler
made even our
accountant happy!"



"FRIGIDAIRE -and here's why!"

"We found that when you divide the dollars you pay by the years of service you get, you realize what a real bargain Frigidaire Water Coolers are!

"That's due to their long life and the fact that there are no big repair bills to up the cost. Frigidaire's Meter-Miser refrigerating unit is the simplest made — carries a 5-Year Warranty."

Sturdy, good looking Frigidaire Water Coolers come in bottle-, pressure-, industrial-type. Also tank-type systems. Sizes to meet any need. Call your Frigidaire Dealer. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.



Definitely
made different
Definitely
tastes better



Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits — 90 Proof
Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

CINEMA

The Palpitating Paganini?

In 10 weeks at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall, M-G-M's *The Great Curuso* has grossed a record \$1,500,000. Last week independent producer-director William Dieterle announced plans for a new film of his own, *The Glorious Wagner*. Next . . .

Battle of Wonderland II

"This sort of competition should be encouraged rather than suppressed." With that comment, a Manhattan federal judge last week turned thumbs down on Walt Disney's effort to protect his forthcoming full-length *Alice in Wonderland* by staying off U.S. exhibition of Producer Lou Bunin's French-made version of *Alice* (Time, July 16). Still muttering darkly of "deception," Disney announced plans for an appeal and put out pointed ads to hawk his *Alice*'s Aug. 1 premiere: "There is only ONE Walt Disney! There is only ONE Walt Disney's *Alice*!"

What the Public Wants

Hollywood showmen, always sniffing the shifting winds of popular favor, had a chance last week to savor a steady breeze. It came from a 33-city survey by Independent Producer William Pine, specialist, with his partner William Thomas, in trying to give the public what it wants. Pine & Thomas, proud to be known as "the Dollar Bills," have made money on 63 of their 64 pictures. On the theory that exhibitors are the best guides to public taste, they make an annual junket to sound the theater men out. After listening to them this season, Pine reported:

"The public is tired of pictures about the Civil War or any other war . . . It wants fresh locales and fresh faces. People are tired of straight dramatic actors trying to be comedians, and sick of the same old tired stars playing youngsters half their ages. Color is a star on the marquee; the public loves it. It wants pictures that move, not talk. It wants science fiction. But it also wants pictures about people who are not afraid to say they believe in God, because people want to believe in God themselves these days. It doesn't, however, want dull pictures about religious themes. One more picture like *The Next Voice You Hear*, and even God will be out of business.

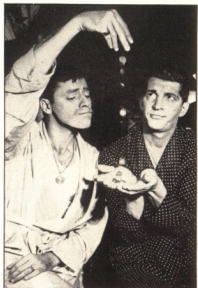
"The public wants pictures about kids and animals. It wants outdoor dramas. And it wants action stories . . . There is tremendous interest in Indians now. Exhibitors say: 'Give us Indians!' And the public wants titles. Titles wake up their imagination. I can sell pictures by calling off titles to exhibitors. A title like *Hong Kong* will sell sight unseen."

Hard Work

The zany comic team of Dean Martin, 34, and Jerry Lewis, 25, has worked hard to get ahead in his five-year career in nightclubs, radio & TV and movies (TIME, May 23, 1949). Last week, in a personal

appearance at Manhattan's Paramount Theater, the boys worked harder than ever. They played to packed houses six times a day, seven times on Saturday, and followed almost every appearance with an extra three minutes of clowning at their dressing-room window overlooking 44th Street—a methodical bit of madness designed to lure overloyal fans out of the Paramount's seats so that others could buy their way into them.

After seven days, with another week still to go, Martin & Lewis had outdrawn



LEWIS & MARTIN
Oh, how the money rolls in.

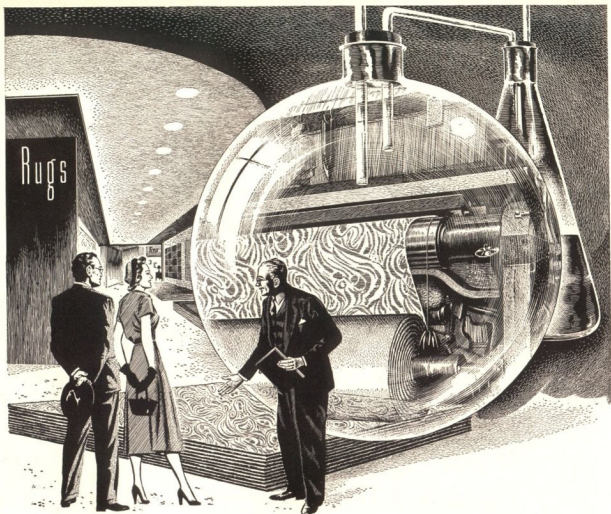
such favorites as Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra to break the Paramount's record for weekly receipts. The new mark: \$150,000. Counting up their own take (50% of the gross, minus salaries for an orchestra and supporting players), the comics found that their hard work had paid them the highest one-week salary in the history of show business: \$64,000.

The New Pictures

Strictly Dishonorable (M-G-M) shows how persistent Hollywood can be. The picture is the second movie version of Preston Sturges' 1929 Broadway hit; it is also M-G-M's second attempt to capture Ezio (South Pacific) Pinza's middle-aged sex appeal on film.*

This adaptation does tolerably well by Actor Pinza but it makes hash of Playwright Sturges' comedy. The original play told a simple, incongruously funny story about a young and fairly innocent Southern girl who tries to seduce a rakish Italian opera star; he turns out to be such a sentimentalist that he marries her. The

* The first attempt: *Mr. Imperium*, which has been put into cold storage in the hope that the new film will get Pinza off to a better start.



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TIME, JULY 23, 1951

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film all but smothers the idea with plot complications, cooking up elaborate reasons for the marriage—in name only—to come first, so that the pair can pursue their dalliance and yet stay strictly honorable under the technical rules of the cinema code. Irrelevantly, one of the film's best moments comes in a movie-house sequence showing glimpses of Greta Garbo in 1929's *A Woman of Affairs*.

Janet Leigh is engaging as the Southern belle who takes up with a courtly rake in a Manhattan speakeasy. Actor Pinza, 59, whose close-up profile occasionally resembles Douglas MacArthur's, carries off his role with vigorous charm, and takes full advantage of his cues for a few operatic bits (the best: *Song of the Golden Cal*,



LEIGH & PINZA

Dalliance—in name only.

from *Faust*), and two old popular tunes (*I'll See You in My Dreams*, *Everything I Have Is Yours*). If his style is a shade heavy for deft comedy, it is certainly no heavier than the script.

Take Care of My Little Girl (20th Century-Fox), based on Peggy Goodin's 1950 novel, tilts at the evils of the U.S. college sorority system. Even before the film was made, het-up sorority sisters blasted it like fruit growers protesting *The Grapes of Wrath*. Most moviegoers are likely to find it a fair enough indictment of the abuses of Greek-letter societies. They are less likely to get as worked up over the problem as the picture does.

At length and in Technicolor, the film shows that sororities have their points, e.g., a cozy sense of belonging, but none to offset the hurt they inflict on the girls they turn down, or to justify the snobbish values they set up. It pictures the societies through the bright eyes of Freshman Jeanne Crain, who comes to a Midwestern university all twitter to join Upsilon Upsilon Upsilon.

As a pledge, Jeanne has just what the

sorority wants: good looks, clothes, social poise, a well-to-do father, and a mother who was a Tri U herself and has never forgotten it. In the end, Jeanne, after seeing how Tri U snubs "social inferiors," is disenchanted enough to turn in her pledge pin and rush to the arms of a worthy young fellow (Dale Robertson) who, far from belonging to a fraternity, does not even own a tuxedo.

The treatment of Tri U's tribal customs and cruelties is competent, though overdrawn. It gives the sisters a hard time, while taking too tolerant a view of the system's true culprits: the parents who let them grow up that way.

The Prince Who Was a Thief (Universal-International) is the kind of frothy, non-alcoholic, Arabian-nights cocktail that Hollywood has shaken up a thousand and one times. Brusque handclaps still bring on the harem dancing girls; Tangier bristles with flashing scimitars, wicked potentates, skulking cutpurses, rococo palaces and phrases.

Through it all, leaping, swimming, scaling walls and trailing broken hearts, flashes "Desired of Damsels" Tony Curtis, born to the purple but kidnapped and reared as a thief. With the help of an impish girl thief (Piper Laurie), who can wriggle through the treasury's barred window, Tony outfoxes and outgits the usurper to win back his rightful place.

The movie is energetically played, well-paced by Director Rudolph Maté, occasionally touched with humor and quite free of pretensions. It should delight youngsters without irritating the grown-ups who go along for the air conditioning.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Strangers on a Train. Alfred Hitchcock's implausible but dazzlingly tricky thriller about a psychopath (Robert Walker) with a new scheme for foolproof murder (TIME, July 16).

The Frogmen. How the Navy's underwater demolition teams cleared invasion beaches in World War II; with Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill (TIME, July 9).

Four in a Jeep. The timely story of a four-power MP patrol in Vienna, split by the plight of a Viennese girl in trouble with the Soviet command; with Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker (TIME, June 18).

Oliver Twist. Director David (Great Expectations) Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (TIME, May 14).

On the Riviera. Danny Kaye plays a double role in a cinemusical whose laughs, songs and dances sparkle as brightly as its Technicolor (TIME, May 7).

Father's Little Dividend. In a lively sequel to the original Spencer Tracy-Joan Bennett-Elizabeth Taylor comedy, the *Father of the Bride* becomes a grandfather (TIME, April 23).

Kon-Tiki. An engrossing documentary record of how six men floated 4,300 miles from Peru to Polynesia on a raft (TIME, April 16).

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BOOKS

Problem Packet

THE DIVIDING STREAM (312 pp.)—Francis King—Morrow (\$3).

At heart, Karen hated men. Men should be strong, brave, austere; yet her crippled professor father had cringed before pain, screaming shrilly on his deathbed: "I won't die, I won't, I won't, I won't!" From that frightening experience, the pale English girl fashions her own neurotic design for loving—"to humiliate or be humiliated."

When Max Westfield comes along, she marries him—mainly for his money. Max, a widower, is an easygoing, openhearted American, born to be humiliated. While he is at war, she has an affair with another man and bears him a child. Deeply hurt, Max nevertheless accepts the child as his own.

For the next half dozen years, Karen behaves herself, bursting into prissy tantrums only when Max's doglike devotion takes a forthright husbandly turn: "No, please don't. If it's not . . . mental mauling and messing about, it has to be the other kind." At a point where friends might have recommended a good psychoanalyst, Max packs the family off for a long holiday in Florence.

The warm Italian sun and scene stir up fresh trouble. Karen promptly finds a lean, bronzed soldier-adventurer type who has modeled himself on T. E. Lawrence. They run off together, but Karen soon loses his palate. Long-suffering Max takes her back again.

In plot, *The Dividing Stream* adds up to little more than an emotional tempest in a cracked teacup. Atmospherically, English Novelist Francis King, 28, does better. In dozens of pungent little Florentine



Jack Birns—Lure

SKIPPER KERANS
"Have rejoined the fleet."



Jack Birns—Lure

H.M.S. AMETHYST AT HONG KONG
"Splice the main brace."

sketches, ranging from cynical policemen to bent-double washerwomen, he evokes the passion and poverty of the people. Most memorable: two scrubby street urchins who think and move with an artless, pagan ease which suggests that the good life, and not a twisted packet of "problems," is man's rightful heritage.

Ordeal on the River

YANGTSE INCIDENT (240 pp.)—Lawrence Earl—Knopf (\$3).

A stranger on the docks of Hong Kong might have wondered what all the fuss was about. It was only the little British frigate *Amethyst*, 1,470 tons, and looking a bit shabby at that. But as she hove into view that August day of 1949, the din of sirens, fireworks and lusty British cheers was a considered tribute. In spite of the heavy rain, a squadron of Spitfires repeatedly swooped low in salute. Only as the *Amethyst* neared her Royal Navy berth did it become plain that she was a shelled cripple. No sooner was she tied up than her whole crew was relieved, to become the week-long guests of the Fleet Club. From England, King George personally ordered an extra round of grog for all hands with the time-honored phrase: "Splice the main brace."

No sailorman's drink was ever more fairly earned. On April 20 the *Amethyst* had been steaming up the Yangtze River on a routine mission to Nanking. On the left bank lay the retreating Nationalist army; on the right the Communists were poised for an assault crossing. Suddenly, about 125 miles upriver, some 75 miles from Nanking, the Communists opened up with artillery, fired twelve rounds and scored twelve misses. Fifty minutes later, ignoring Union Jacks unfurled over the side, another and more accurate shore battery scored 53 hits on the *Amethyst*. Dead and wounded lay scattered about her deck. The ship's doctor was killed, the skipper was wounded and soon died, and most of the guns were put out of action. The Commu-

nists answered the *Amethyst's* white flag of truce with machine-gun fire. The smashed frigate ran aground on a mudbank, remained trapped under Communist guns for 101 days.

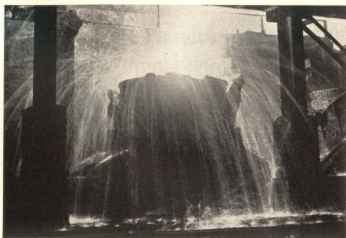
The Price of Freedom. Canadian Journalist Lawrence Earl retells H.M.S. *Amethyst's* story (TIME, May 2, Aug. 8, 1949) with measured understatement. But what he learned from the 36 men & officers he interviewed is stitched into a record of human toughness and devotion that defeats even a dead-pan style. Some 80 officers and men were ordered ashore from the *Amethyst*, got to the Nationalist side and made it to Shanghai. It was those who remained aboard through the grim summer days who were finally to taste the excitement of the *Amethyst's* escape.

The Communists promised not to reopen fire so long as the ship stayed where she was anchored. From her new skipper, Lieut. Commander John Simon Kerans, who came down from the embassy at Nanking, they demanded an admission that the *Amethyst* had provoked the attack. This was to be the price of freedom, set and maintained in eleven frustrating, tea-drinking sessions. Kerans refused to pay. The steel ship became a furnace, as fuel ran low and the ventilators had to be shut off. As the carefully measured food ran out, the crew went on half rations. To Skipper Kerans it seemed plain that the Communists were trying to starve him into an admission of guilt.

For once the British Navy was powerless; three warships that had tried to rescue the *Amethyst* had been turned back severely damaged.

Then came the *Amethyst's* break. In answer to Kerans' pleas, the Communists delivered 56 tons of fuel oil to operate the refrigerators and ventilators. The 56 tons, Kerans figured, gave him just enough to reach the open sea. He decided to run for it. Luckily the Yangtze was in high water, but, even so, the tortuous, silted channel was a skipper's nightmare—especially without an experienced Chinese pilot. And

STEEL...



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even if Kerans had the luck to stick to the channel while ducking Communist artillery, there was still a boom of sunken ships to pass, 40 miles downriver.

"God Save the King." A little after 10 p.m., July 30, Kerans ordered "Slip cable!" Minutes later his ship was on her way. Soon after, the Communists guns opened up and Kerans felt a shell whoosh past his neck, but the *Amethyst* was untouched. Then she began to flood from a waterline shell hole suffered in the first day's attack. In the engineroom the depleted crew of eleven worked at temperatures up to 170 degrees, drank ten gallons of tea during the frantic run. In the chartroom, two men tried to pick out the channel with an echo sounder. One thing was sure: the *Amethyst* had to hit the narrow opening in the boom or "she would slice off her bottom." As she approached it, a flare went up, Communist guns opened fire and the river erupted in waterspouts. Kerans saw a single light on the boom and prayerfully made a blind guess: "Steer just to port of the light." And the *Amethyst* went through without scraping her paint.

Only once did the *Amethyst* get into dangerously shallow water. Below the boom, she met a patrol boat; Kerans decided to speed by as close as possible, thus give the smaller enemy craft a minimum chance to rake his decks. The *Amethyst* scraped by with a bare 18 inches to spare. Then a junk without lights loomed up ahead and was sliced in two. Then the biggest guns of all, at Woosung, were safely passed, and the *Amethyst* was in the clear. In the wide mouth of the Yangtze, she met H.M.S. *Concord* and the sweaty, half-starved crew of the *Amethyst* cried openly as the *Concord's* men lined the rails and cheered.

Kerans radioed a message to his commander in chief: "Have rejoined the fleet. Am south of Woosung. No damage or casualties. God save the King."

Thar She Used to Blow

SAILS AND WHALES (232 pp.)—Captain H. A. Chippendale—Houghton Mifflin (\$3).

*Did you ever hear the tale of the mighty sperm whale
That when boldly attacked in his lair
With one sweep of his mighty and ponderous tail
Sends the whaleboat so high in the air?*

If not, it might be a good idea to get a copy of Captain Harry Allen Chippendale's *Sails and Whales*. Captain Chippendale, 72, is one of the last men left alive who during the last century pursued the largest of God's creatures over the bounding main in an oversize pea-pod, and did him in with a spike on the end of a pole. His memoir of those derring days, told with salty gusto, is sure to be one of the last authentic additions to the thrilling literature of old-fashioned whaling.

Fate signed Harry Chippendale aboard his first whaler. He was born in the cabin

of his father's ship, two days off St. Helena, a great rendezvous of the whaling trade, where Harry's father later served as U.S. consul.

At 16, he was ready to go to sea in earnest. He knew the "riggin' and runnin' gear" as well as the alphabet, but life on a whaler held odd surprises for him. The oddest: having to douse his clothes in urine, the standard detergent aboard the oily whalers, before washing them in sea water.

The first few kills of Harry's career were easy ones, but one day a wounded whale charged his dory and sent him swimming for his life through a sea full of sharks. Another time, his broken boat was kept afloat like a surfboard as the whale dragged it along at top speed at the end of a harpoon line. On a third occasion, young Harry was bounced overboard into a



Lenscraft

SKIPPER CHIPPENDALE
He was the soccer ball.

school of whales, which amused themselves by playing a none-too-gentle form of soccer with Harry as the ball.

On shore, the young tar had a rather quieter time. He once went hard-alee for a pretty little Portuguese, and had to do some tricky navigation to get out of port; but in general, says the prim old sea dog, "I always kept a straight course and gave them a wide berth, as I had no use for painted-faced daisies."

At the turn of the century, the old-style whalers were foundering to their finish, to be replaced by modern floating whale-oil factories. Harry became a landsman, and took up pharmacy. He went back to the sea in two World Wars, served as skipper of troop ships and cargo ships. "But who can find romance," he sneers, "in an engine thump?"—especially while

*The rare old whale, mid storm and gale
In his ocean home will be,
A giant in might, where might is right,
And king of the boundless sea.*

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It costs far less than you think to work refreshed and relaxed even on those hot and stifling summer days!



*Cucumber,
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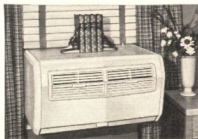
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Old Jawbreaker

RABELAIS (424 pp.)—John Cowper Powys—Philosophical (\$3.75).

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER (206 pp.)—M. P. Willcocks—Macmillan (\$3.75).

François Rabelais warned his readers to be careful with *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. "Following the dog's example," he told them, "you will have to be wise in sniffing, smelling, and estimating these fine and meaty books; swiftness in the chase and boldness in the attack are what is called for; after which, by careful reading and frequent meditation, you should break the bone and suck the substantial marrow."

Rabelais had his tongue in his cheek as usual—yet as usual his enunciation of the home truth was unimpaired. To get the marrow out of the masterpiece, it is pretty necessary to follow the dog's example, and in modern times, rather few readers, all in all, have cared to exert enough jaw for that. Rabelais has been put aside, largely untasted, on the snap judgment that he is, as Voltaire said, a "drunken philosopher" who wrote "an extravagant and unintelligent book . . . prodigal of erudition, ordures and boredom." The book which Rabelais merrily dedicated to "Drinkers and . . . Syphilitics" has become the property of prurient and scholars.

Two studies of Rabelais, published almost simultaneously, come as a periodic reminder of a writer who was surpassed in his age only by Shakespeare and Cervantes. *Rabelais*, by ancient (?) English Novelist-Essayist John Cowper Powys, unfolds the jolly old cleric in a loose shirt of verbiage that he would surely have found too hairy for comfort: *The Laughing Philosopher*, by M. P. Willcocks, sometimes muffles the Rabelaisian laughter in a modesty he certainly never felt. Yet both books bring back a strong, winy breath of the most exuberant of writers from Aristophanes to Balzac; a man who drank life to the drains, and then couldn't deny himself the loudest belch in literature.

Forbidden Texts. François Rabelais was born in Touraine around 1495, the son of a country lawyer. He was placed, in early youth, as a novice in a Franciscan monastery, and later he was ordained a priest. A crack student, François soon got his hands on some forbidden Greek texts. Enraged, the good brothers snatched his books away. Outraged, François pulled strings and had himself transferred to the cultured Benedictines, who encouraged the study of Greek.

Yet not long after, François impulsively doffed his Benedictine habit, and went absent without leave on a grand tour of the French universities. He became first a theologian, then a lawyer, then a doctor—in all, one of the most erudite men of his age. He was almost 40 when he began writing his tales of Gargantua and Pantagruel, partly for love of writing, but partly for need of money.

The book was an instant bestseller; its

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Charles D. Campbell
PRESIDENT

THERE'S NO TIME

LIKE THE PRESENT



TO BE READING

TIME

TIME, JULY 23, 1951



The Bettmann Archive
FRANÇOIS RABELAIS
AWOL.

ribald irreverence made Rabelais famous to the laity, infamous to the clergy. It did not help his case that he was a lapsed monk, and the known father of a bastard. The rest of his life (he lived to be close to 60) was spent under the continual threat of the Inquisitional stake.

Oracle of the Bottle. His *Gargantua and Pantagruel* is the history of a dynasty of easygoing giants. At Gargantua's birth (from his mother's left ear), 17,913 cows were required for his feeding. Pantagruel, his son, needed only 4,600 cows, but he was so vigorous that he ate one of the cows, and had to be bound in his crib with the chain later used for young Lucifer when he had the colic. When Pantagruel goes to Paris, he meets Panurge, a gay dog who knows 63 ways to make money and 214 to spend it.

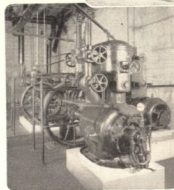
Panurge has a flea in his ear who keeps suggesting that he get married. With Pantagruel and a bawdy monk named Friar John of the Funnels, Panurge sets out for India to consult the Oracle of the Holy Bottle on the matter. On the way they encounter a race of people whose noses are formed like the ace of clubs, and a nation that eats & drinks nothing but wind.

At last they reach the Holy Bottle, and Panurge puts his question. The Bottle replies, "Trinc!"—which is interpreted by the priestess to mean, "Drink!" And here Rabelais, in symbolic language, offers his cup of life to whoever has the taste for it: "We hold not that laughing, but that drinking is the distinguishing character of man." Panurge interprets the oracle to mean that he should take whatever cup life offers him, and drinks it down with a will.

That was Rabelais' way, in death as in life. He expressed the whole philosophy of it in the famous last words ascribed to him: "I go to seek a great perhaps."

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Frick Ammonia Compressors at
Crowley's Milk Company

Crowley's Milk Company sells a dozen dairy products from its super-modern plant in Newburgh, New York. Here dependable Frick Refrigeration (including compressor, condenser, ice reserve unit, valves, controls, etc.) carries the entire cooling load. When lightning struck last summer, burning out electric starters, the Frick ice reserve unit saved every pound of product.

Put YOUR cooling problems—whether for air conditioning, ice-making, quick-freezing or other refrigeration work—up to Frick engineers. Get facts and figures now.



LOOK... what MY boss gave me!

This new Desk-Type ROTOR-FILE of mine holds over 40,000 big 8 x 5 record cards that used to fill a dozen file drawers. Now, every card is right at my fingertips... instantly available. Now, I can give my boss all the information he wants the moment he wants it.

NO WALKING, NO STOOPING, NO DRAGGING

I used to have to walk back and forth to the files all day, stoop down to read the drawer labels, and drag out drawer after drawer. Now, I stay right in my chair and pick any card we need instantly from the unique horizontal rotating file that's built into my Wassell Desk-Type ROTOR-FILE. Split seconds do the work of minutes.

The Wassell Methods Engineer tells me you can file just about anything in a ROTOR-FILE and get the same advantages I'm getting. There are large models for anything from cycle-billing records to current correspondence — models of various sizes for tabulating cards and addressing plates. He says a single ROTOR-FILE the size of mine will take care of over 64,000 3 x 5 cards! I'd suggest you send this coupon to Wassell today.

WASSELL ORGANIZATION INC. WESTPORT 1, CONNECTICUT

I would like to receive literature on your ROTOR-FILE... entirely without obligation.

NAME.....

POSITION.....

(Please attach to, or write on, your business letterhead)

Tall Tale

Armed only with a Bible and protected from the elements by a kettle worn upside down, Johnny Appleseed wandered unarmed among the dispossessed Indians, planting appleseeds in the wilderness.

He made it his mission to bring apple sauce and apple butter, apple pie and apple cider; to bring health and happiness, as he knew them, to pioneer families from the Monongahela to the River Platte. A frail, homespun saint among American giants, Johnny Appleseed may outlive them all.



to Fabulous Fact

Much more comfortable than the kettle Johnny Appleseed wore as an umbrella, is our Silicone water repellent for synthetic fabrics. We call it DeCetex 104. Our customers give the treated fabric a name of their own.

The important point is that now, for the first time since people started to wear clothes, you can buy suits that will not be wet by the rain even after repeated dry cleaning or laundering. You can look presentable even though you do get caught in a sudden shower. Children are no longer a menace at meal time because most foods and drinks can be wiped away without leaving a spot.

That's another fabulous fact made possible by a Dow Corning Silicone product. Thanks to these most durable of all water repellent materials, you too may soon be wearing your umbrella.

Send today for your Reference Guide to the Dow Corning Silicones that make the "impossible" practical. Address Dept. X-7.

DOW CORNING CORPORATION
MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

ATLANTA • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES • NEW YORK • WASHINGTON, D. C.
TORONTO: Fiberglas Canada Ltd. LONDON: Midland Silicones Ltd. PARIS: St. Gobain, Chauny et Cirey.



IF YOU WEAR GLASSES try Sight Savers and see how well silicones clean, polish and protect eyeglasses. SIGHT SAVERS are the new, popular Dow Corning Silicone treated tissues that KEEP YOUR GLASSES CLEANER.

10c at all drug and tobacco counters.

Hey, Rube! In Palisades Amusement Park, N.J., after he had paid off ten kewpie dolls, four Teddy bears and a set of china to a wondrously successful dart thrower, Concessionaire Joe Weissman investigated, found the marksman's confederate behind the backdrop with a long hatpin.

Boxing the Compass. In Baltimore, after a judge told three brawlers he would dismiss charges if they got out of town, Defendant North went west, Easterly headed south, but Southern paid his fine and stayed.

Careless Love. In Bogotá, Colombia, Matilde Ramirez applied for a marriage license and learned that she was already legally married because her ex-fiance, using their previous license to marry another girl, had not bothered to change the names.

Taste Tells. In a San Mateo, Calif. saloon, Steelworker Gus Erickson, who had cigarettes in one pocket and firecrackers in another, absent-mindedly reached for a smoke, got the wrong pocket, lit up.

Beef Rollback. In Mount Gambier, Australia, Grandfather George Uphill, 60, attacked by a 900-lb. bull, took it by the horns and broke its neck.

Poor Reception. In Memphis, Tenn., Peggy Roberson won a divorce after telling the court that when she inadvertently blocked her husband's view of the TV screen, he "threw a chair across the room, struck me, pulled me into the bathroom and held my head under water."

Return to Sender. In Newport News, Va., Postmaster Bob Cutler admitted that he was not eligible to play in the Virginia State Amateur Golf Championship: his official entry was postmarked too late.

100% Exemption. In Mount Vernon, Ind., after reading an advertisement offering \$10 off the price of a used car for each child of the purchaser, Typewriter Wilfred Clark picked out a \$100 Pontiac, marched his ten children past the dealer, drove away with a bill of sale.

The Urban Urge. In Denver, after a new deer enclosure had been built in the city park zoo, a two-year-old buck wandered into town, jumped the seven-foot fence, and joined up.

Mission Accomplished. In Madison, Wis., after cardsharps had clipped him for \$48, a wrist watch and a cigarette lighter, Corporal John Ramzy told the judge that he had come to town to check on reports that gamblers were fleeing servicemen.

Operatic Touch. Near Nishnabotna, Mo., Tippler Clarence Carmen was arrested for shooting up a meeting of the local chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous.



Roping this man-eater was asking for trouble

1 "Catching a shark alive has a hitch to it—the shark may get you," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "Off Jamaica's barrier reef, I watched the tell-tale dorsal fins circle my bait. Sharks are clumsy. It was easy to slip a loop around a big one. But then that sea-broncho, the dread White Shark of the Caribbean, lived up to his reputation..."



2 "Enraged by the rope round the base of his tail, the shark charged our boat in wild fury. One flip of his huge tail could have overturned us, but we fended him off. Full of fight, he took off like a crazed mustang..."



3 "Eleven feet long and every inch a killer, that shark pulled us half a mile before we could boat him. Then, suddenly, he came back to life, slashed at us with razor teeth and plunged into the water again. We towed him in alive, but it took a lot of doing."

5 "It's sticking your neck out to lasso a shark. But you're on safe ground ordering the best in the house. It means Canadian Club anywhere."

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon

—yet no other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening—in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.



4 "It took only five words—the best in the house!—to have the waiter back at the beautiful Tower Isle Hotel bring out my favorite whisky—Canadian Club!"

IN 87 LANDS... THE BEST IN THE HOUSE

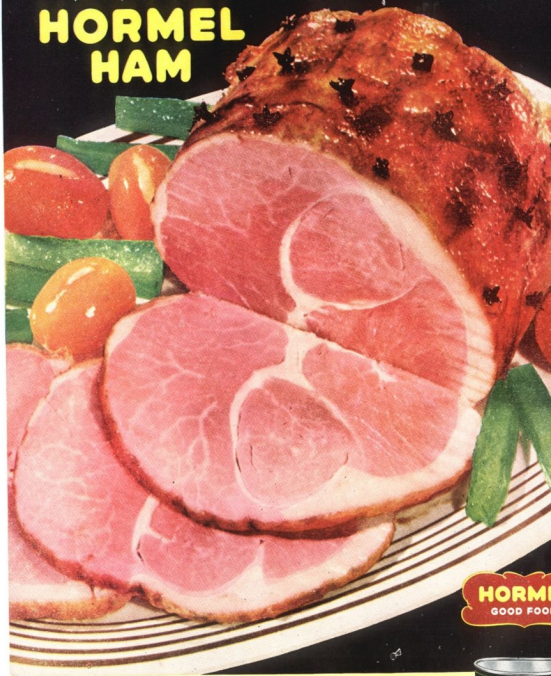
"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD
90.4 PROOF

Imported in bottle from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky.



The famous
**HORMEL
HAM**



HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

Quarter size serves four Family-size version of that epicure's delight—whole Hormel Ham. Same tender pink meat, same delicious flavor. No bone, practically all lean, just enough fat. To slice cold, to bake, to fry. 13½ pounds. America's original—and finest—canned ham. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

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